

The Reader

VOL. III

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No. I

Writers and Readers

Illustrated Notes of Authors, Books and the Drama

BRONSON Howard, President of the American Dramatists' Club, may be regarded as the dean of our native playwrighting guild. He is, as he says, "close upon sixty years of age—that is to say, a year or two on the far side of sixty!" Yet it is scarcely more than a quarter of a century since he won his spurs with "Saratoga." Within the next dozen or fifteen years he produced "The Banker's Daughter," "The Henrietta," "Old Love Letters," "Shenandoah," and "Aristocracy;" and the half-dozen pieces named may be said to constitute practically all his literary baggage, up to date. For some years past Mr. Howard has suffered from a nervous malady which has incapacitated him from writing, and made him an exile and a wanderer in search of health. Recently, however, he has returned to New York in a gratifyingly improved condition.

Before Bronson Howard became a prosperous playwright, he was a first-class journalist, on the New York "Tribune," in the days when the editorial staff of that paper included such

men as Ripley, Bayard Taylor, and John Hay, our present Secretary of State. At a recent Saturday-night "shop-talk" of the Dramatists' Club, Mr. Howard struck into a peculiarly interesting vein of personal reminiscence; and among the anecdotes of Secretary Hay, related the following:

Back in the '70's, when the notorious "Jim" Fisk was Colonel of the Ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., that militia organization made a sensational "foray" into New England. Striking Boston on a Sunday morning, the Colonel put his command through a sort of prayer drill on the Common, which made a nine-days' newspaper sensation throughout the country. The next day the New York "Tribune" published the following epigram, which everybody knew was from the pen of the then irrepressible John Hay:

"The Devil trembles when he sees
The meanest Saint upon his knees.
Imagine what he must have felt,
When Jim on Boston Common knelt:
For surely ne'er was known to him
A meaner Saint than Colonel Jim!"



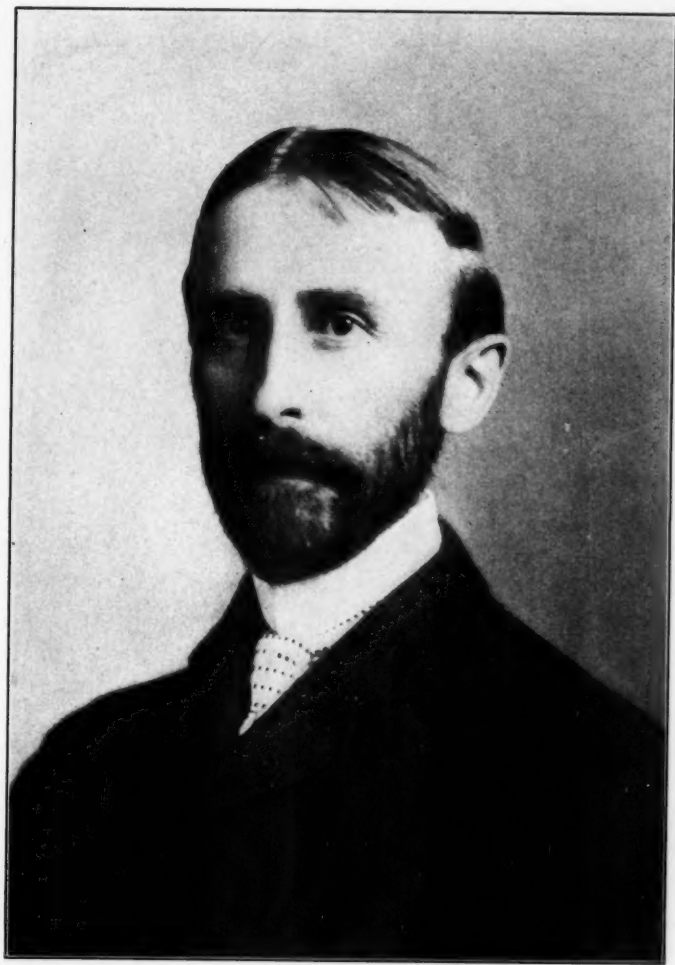
EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER AND REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN, AUTHORS OF *THE CHASM*

REGINALD Wright Kauffman and Edward Childs Carpenter, joint authors of "*The Chasm*," are two young newspaper men of Philadelphia, who have "souls above buttons," and whose literary work, apart from their actual business lines, seems to promise well for their real literary independence. Mr. Kauffman is already the author of two full-fledged novels, "*Jarvis of Harvard*" and "*The Things that are Cæsar's*"; and each of these has received the valuable critical differentiations as to its merits that mark a book as really worth while. And, fortunately and deservedly for him, the balance has been in his favor.

His collaborator in "*The Chasm*," Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter, has shown a particularly strong dramatic tendency in the many short stories and sketches he has contributed to many

periodicals. He has had actual stage experience, and "knows whereof he writes." Both of these young and ambitious authors are workers and earnest students of their craft, and will surely be heard from later than this, their first essay in common.

"DO you think it a jest to be held lightly up on your personal career? Do not all writers sooner or later tell the same things about themselves, and does any one in the end believe anything they may say on this subject? And if it be a blunder to take one's self seriously, what shall be said of the unhappy man that attempts in desperation to take so heavy a subject as himself jocosely? Isn't personal mention, after all, chiefly a question of being born at a time, schooled at a time, married at a time, trying for a



MR. FRANK H. SPEARMAN
AUTHOR OF THE DAUGHTER OF A MAGNATE

time, succeeding for a time and dying for a long, long time: and avoiding at all times telling anything more? Naturally, even when so little has been stated, there will at one time or another be those that will deny categorically each one of these propositions. For my part, I can anticipate every possible public query by adding firmly only this, that I am not, and to my regret never have been, a railroad man. And I fear that even this to a real railroad man would seem a wholly superfluous statement," writes Mr. Frank H. Spearman, whose portrait we publish.

ON one trip through the Kentucky mountains performed by John Fox, Jr., in pursuit of "local color," he stopped over night at a cabin where he slept up next to the clapboards and went down a ladder to breakfast. He washed his face in a creek below the house, and dried it on a siding of coffee sack hung against the logs for family use, and combed his hair with his own comb before a piece of broken glass stuck between the chinking and daubing.

As he was making his toilet he was closely observed by the small boy of the family, who was clothed in a pair of cottonade pants hitched to a hickory shirt with one "gallus" fastened by a nail. Shoes and hat were lacking, and his hair hadn't been combed for six weeks. He watched the visitor so closely that Mr. Fox thought he was making an excellent impression on the young barbarian. As he put on the last touch, the boy, unable to contain himself longer, broke in.

"Say, Mister," he inquired, "ain't you a good deal uv trouble to yerself?"

ON one occasion a Westerner, who owns a big cattle ranch far out and lives on it most of the time, was at the Lotus Club with a New York business acquaintance who is a pretty

close friend of Mark Twain. The two men were having a bit at a table when the humorist entered and at once proceeded to the table of his friend. He sat down and was duly introduced, but as Mr. Clemens instead of Mark Twain. The Westerner, whose literary acquaintance did not extend beyond the newspapers, didn't know the difference, and was soon swapping yarns with the newcomer. Finally after looking at him pretty closely for a moment, he said:

"Did anybody ever tell you you looked like Mark Twain? I mean like the pictures of him; that's as far as I know him."

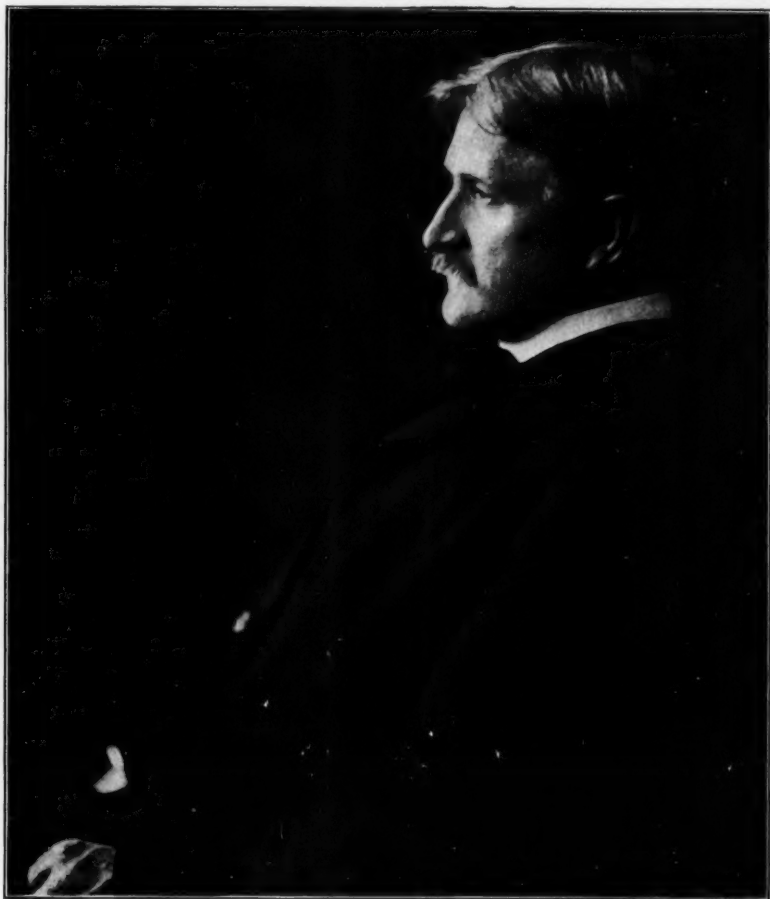
"Um—er—," Mr. Clemens hesitated, while his friend was dumb. "I don't recall that any one ever did, though it is possible some one might have done so, because I have thought that way myself at times."

"Well, you do," the Westerner went on, "and I noticed it when I first looked at you, though I should say, meaning no disrespect, that Mark had a little the bulge on you for beauty, and *he* ain't so d—— handsome, neither."

The humorist was in for having more of it, but the friend couldn't stand the pressure, and he changed the subject to something the Western man knew more about.

IN the preface to his new book, "The Way to the West," Mr. Emerson

Hough says, "History, to be of service, must be remembered," and so he has not concerned himself with a mere sequence of dates. Instead, he has chosen an apparently disconnected mass of material—lives of great frontiersmen, monographs upon certain phases of the splendid and stirring history of the settlement of the American West—with the result that his book will be remembered by every reader as a vivid picture that will not easily lose its reality, or be soon forgotten.



MR. EMERSON HOUGH
AUTHOR OF THE WAY TO THE WEST
AND THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE

SINCE few plays lately produced have made so wide and poignant an impression as "Everyman," a number of people will be glad to read it in a handsome, large, well-printed edition, edited by Mr. Montrose J. Moses. Mr. Moses has retained the original spelling, which is seldom difficult, and which when it is difficult, he explains simply. He provides also notes, bibliography, and an introduction 74 pages long, which show a painstaking and rather remarkable scholarship. It is inspiring to see a young man going in so vigorously for solid and dignified work,—work which makes little popular appeal. The introduction, however, though long is well worth reading. Solidity does not necessarily mean ponderousness; and Mr. Moses traces early dramatic development in a peculiarly suave and urbane English, excellently correct. He says: "Humor had to be introduced into the sermons to create interest," and although he is not writing a sermon, he heeds the wise rule. Indeed, in the old plays, the humor that tempers dulness makes a special appeal to him: he relates many pleasant and obscure anecdotes from sources in various languages, and, to repeat, produces a piece of editing as attractive as it is praiseworthy.

NOT long ago a little group of people, one of whom was James Lane Allen, were discussing men, women and matrimony, when Mr. Allen's singleness of condition got into the conversation.

"Are you a bachelor from choice, Mr. Allen?" inquired a pretty woman with a directness permissible only to such favored beings.

"Oh, yes," he replied confidently.

"Well, isn't that rather conceited?" she said, resenting what she considered an imputation.

"Really, I couldn't say," he re-

sponded in his gentle way. "You will have to ask the ladies. It was their choice, not mine."

THE Reverend Henry van Dyke adds "The Science of English Verse" to his specialties. In some remarks in the October number of "The Atlantic Monthly" he proposes to lay new foundations for that science,—to consist mostly in changing established names. Let us know our tools, he says,—as who should tell the carpenter, "You will use your plane more easily if you call it a 'smoother.'" Incidentally he would amend some of the content of English verse as well. To FitzGerald's version he prefers,

"Here with a little Bread beneath the
Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse
—and Thou—" etc.

Will he not give us another new "Rubáiyát"? It is easily done: as thus—

"The Courts where Jamshyd used to
drink so deep,
They tell me Lizards and fierce Lions
keep"—

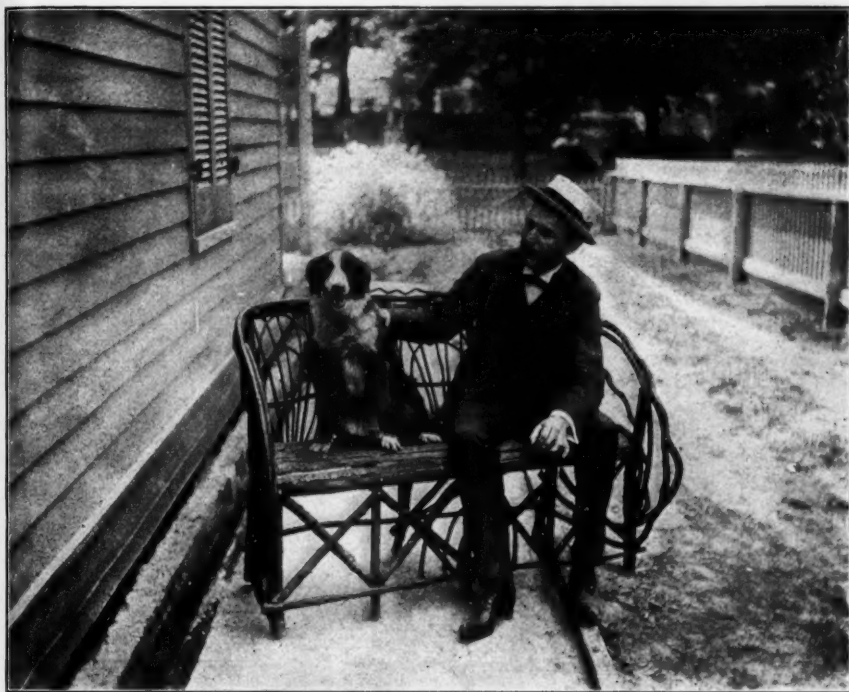
or thus—

"A Sultan to the land of Death ad-
dressed,
Takes in this Tent you see his one
Day's rest—"

It is merely a matter of capitals: and soon Dr. van Dyke will be saying to FitzGerald,

"A little while, no more of Me and
Thee,
For little is the Difference I see—"

But, seriously, it is deplorable to quote from a tricky memory: and we deplore it in Dr. van Dyke.



MR. HARRIS DICKSON AND HIS DOG STUART

WHEN such a dog as the one featured above appears on the scene as the hero of a romance it is pardonable, supposedly, to introduce him prior to his master. At least that's what the author of "She That Hesitates" always does if you interview him down at the old Dickson homestead, in the historic town of Vicksburg, Mississippi,—and he's the master of "Stuart." This should be commended as very remarkable my-dog-and-me modesty, for a lawyer and writer of such good repute as Mr. Harris Dickson.

"By every gift of heart and head," this beautiful collie,—which Mr. Dickson procured in Scotland some years ago when he went abroad to collect material for his first novel, "The Black Wolf's Breed,"—is, "in fact and in fiction, a worthy brother to Rab; Bob, Son

of Battle; and Buck who followed "the call of the wild." "Neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with," as may be inferred even from their portraits; and both have won admiration through the pages of this recently published admirable novel, which fulfils all the good prophecies of those who have remarked the author's former work.

Mr. Harris Dickson was born in Yazoo City, 21st July, 1868, and graduated from the Columbian University of Washington, D. C., in 1894.

WE extend a pressing invitation to any one of the victims of "The Literary Guillotine" to write a review of the book for THE READER. If no one of them accepts, we must remain content with saying that the volume is one of the cleverest specimens of bookmaking we have ever seen.



*From the Howard Chandler Christy edition of
"The Courtship of Miles Standish"*

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NOW TO THE GRAVE OF THE DEAD



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FIGURES, TEN, IN THE MIST, MARCHED SLOWLY BY

Popular Illustrators

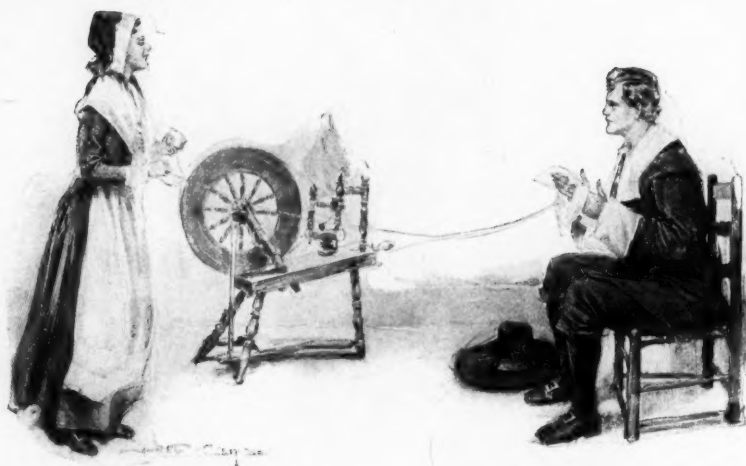
I

Howard Chandler Christy

BY EARL STETSON CRAWFORD

TO-DAY Mr. Howard Chandler Christy ranks even with the foremost American illustrators,—perhaps in the point of popularity he may be said to lead. Whether he may ever attain to the truest standards of art product depends solely on his limitations, as a chain's strength depends on its weakest link. Versatility, sentiment and sympathetic expression are the natural endowments by force of which he appeals to his admirers; to this fidelity to these subtle faculties of temperament, rather than to mastery of draughtsmanship, which is often subservient to clever technique in his case, he owes the large following he has gained. "What matters it whether

each detail is absolutely faultless or not? The people do not look for this if the whole is pleasing and conveys to them a correct conception of the subject-matter illustrated," says this artist, and the public stamps his theory with its approval, as do many authorities who maintain that a man's work should be estimated solely by its effect. But the brother artist finds the sentiment formulated to fit the occasion rather than the strict requirements of art; for though the intellectual side of art is not learned theoretically, but through long experience, perfect interpretation is not attained unless the adequate conception is perfectly expressed through correct execution.



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WORTHY OF BEING THE MODEL OF HUSBANDS

Among the hosts of artists occupied in book illustration there is hardly one who will not eagerly explain that he only does this class of work temporarily, that it is merely the pot-boiling stage, to be hurried through lest it consume too much of the valuable energy cherished for the day when, as a painter, he will no longer be forced to resort to the minor artistic pursuits. Most of us sympathize directly.

To find one who so excels in his profession as to be an exception to this rule is a surprise; Mr. Christy was first ranked as a painter, but is now known solely as an illustrator; and this is as he wishes it. When we see the finer examples of his work we understand that it is through genuine love for it that he has attained to his present eminence as an illustrator. His drawings always possess a certain verve and chic that captivate the general reader of the magazines and works of fiction; and for this reason many accept all he does as great. Unlike the layman, however, we cannot overlook the fact that, in some cases, his illustrations fall far short of requisite

standards; whether this is occasioned by too much haste, owing to the publishers' necessities, or by the recognized fact that no artist can feel and interpret every subject equally well, it is, nevertheless, the duty of the critic to discriminate in judging the results.

Lately Mr. Christy has been working along his preferred lines, so we have much that is fine from which to select in reviewing his artistic creations. At the time of the Spanish-American war, when he went to Cuba for "Scribner's Magazine," he was almost unknown as an artist: at the present time he is free to select the subjects that appeal most to him, and we may now expect his best work. Last year Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," was published with some twenty or twenty-five illustrations by Mr. Christy; as a whole the work is very meritorious. Although every one might not agree with his conception of the poem, all would agree that he had well evolved the conception. The illustrations, printed in half-tone, are touched here and there with a dash of color, happily



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BUCKLED THE BELT ROUND HIS WAIST

disposed in most instances. The whole book is pleasing and the work evidently appealed to him.

This year a more ambitious book, Longfellow's "The Courtship of Miles Standish," has been issued, and Mr. Christy has also illustrated it in an original and very attractive manner. As is usual in book illustration, the drawings had to be finished at definite dates, regardless of the unavoidable delays and obstacles which always arise, and the fact that work of seeming similarity in treatment and composition is, in reality, dissimilar and requires widely varying periods of time for completion. Though evidences of just these conditions are apparent here in some instances, yet most of the work is very creditable to the artist; many of the drawings are little masterpieces and afford occasion for much rejoicing to the artist's admirers.

There are, in all, about fifty pages of these pictures in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," nine or ten of which are in color a bit vivid perhaps for a work of its type, but in general all pleasing and well conceived. So it merits and will, doubtless, attain as great popularity as its predecessor, the Christy-Riley book.

The frontispiece, representing the bridal procession, with Priscilla seated on her snow-white steer, is one of the happiest of the color-pages. It has good composition and is harmonious as a color scheme. In this the artist has carefully portrayed his principal characters, though it is to be regretted that some of the other drawings illustrating the same figures fail to correspond with this first ideal either in feature or type. Of the other color productions, the one entitled "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" is very beautiful, and conveys the poetic thought perfectly; "Winding his sinuous way" depicts the Indian messenger returning to his people with

the rattlesnake filled with powder and shot; this, in its sensational treatment, is distinctly open to criticism. "As he looked at the heavens above him" is more fortunate in every way; the composition is fine, the color indicates the open very faithfully and the treatment conveys Alden's ever-present thought of Priscilla with true feeling. Mr. Christy strikes the popular fancy in the illustration showing the hero embracing the heroine, but the prominent position and treatment of the fallen flax on the floor might suggest that he was persuading the young lady not to "cry over spilled milk." The general excellence of the reproductions, both in color and half-tone, renders more marked the contrast of the unfortunate one captioned "How good you have been to me always." The final color drawing, which portrays a very important episode in the poem,—the return of Miles Standish,—is very well chosen and interpreted.

It would be superfluous to note the half-tones in detail, but those reproduced herewith are selected as being among the best. The little composition used as a headpiece, "figures ten in the mist," is the strongest drawing in the book. There we have Mr. Christy as a great illustrator; the drawing contains all the attributes of both painter and illustrator. Artistic in choice, composition and treatment, it appeals to the poetic sense with such all-pervasive charm that it deserves a more prominent position than that of a mere chapter heading. However, the chapter heads contain some of the most artistic work, as for example Standish admiring his weapons.

The lines of the poem that tell of Alden musing as he walks through the forest are wonderfully well interpreted in their accompanying sketch, and the featuring of the hero is much more ideal in conception in this instance than in some of the other drawings.



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HOMeward TOGETHER THEY WALKED

Mr. Christy explains that his choice of a tall and very stalwart framed man for his hero proceeded from the knowledge that in those days men had, perforce, to be hardy to withstand all the hardships attendant upon colonizing a wilderness; and, moreover, he maintains that had Alden been the slender, handsome stripling the poet's lines convey to most readers Priscilla would have chosen Standish in preference to him. Nor would a stripling carve out a home in the wilderness with his own hands, as the poet's lines clearly indicate.

Most illustrators are identified with some specific line of work, and seldom deviate from it. But Mr. Christy has no such limitations; his field is a very broad one, by reason of his versatility. There is no need to tell those who followed his work how varied are the types and subjects he has demonstrated: belles and beaux, soldiers, half-breeds, children—all mankind, to the satisfaction of the many. He always aims to accomplish his task by producing an illustration that illustrates. This indicates wider study and greater power of observation than many willingly admit.

Still is it true that his imperfect drawing which is often caused by haste merits the criticism it receives.

At the outset Mr. Christy's course was no smoother than that of other beginners. Who it was that first accepted one of his sketches he has forgotten. But, among those earliest sold, was a set which a New York publisher took to illustrate anything that might suit. It was probably fortunate that the early successes were followed by an interval of reverses, out of which grew a spirit of humility that led Mr. Christy to devote some time to less ambitious work and more acquisition of material,—else he had been stunted in his art growth and never reached his present height of success.

He then went to Cuba—during the late war—where, in company with other war artists and correspondents, he passed through many exciting experiences. Upon his return he was called to a wider field of illustrating, and since that time his progress has been rapid,—insomuch that he has achieved an enviable reputation; we hope an enduring one.



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WANDERED ALONE BY THE SEA-SIDE

Little Stories of Journalism

II

BY JULIUS CHAMBERS

THE Comedy of Journalism is a "continuous performance."

"I wish you'd see this man in the reception-room and get his story," said the Managing Editor, handing me a card upon which was the name "Capitano Henrique Cantaro." "He wants \$100, and it appears to be worth the money,—if completely verified. But you must decide whether he is telling the truth."

A typical stage villain was awaiting me in the ante-room. He rose as I entered, placing a hand, with noticeable caution, upon a brown-paper package that lay before him on a table.

"I'd prefer to talk to you in private," said he, glancing round the small apartment, although we were alone.

"That is easy," I replied, and we walked into the council-room, where we would not be interrupted.

"This is better," commented my visitor, as we faced each other across the council-table. "You comprehend, I hope, that my recent life has involved great personal hazard, and I have no wish to disclose my identity."

"That is understood," was my reply, as I glanced at the card in my fingers.

"Of course, that's not my name," the stranger admitted, smiling.

"Very good; now, what is your story?"

"For the past year (1897) I have been engaged in delivering dynamite

to the Cuban insurgents," began the heavy tragedian. "The people I represent have shipped many tons of the deadly material into Cuba. Not only has it gone to the 'Liberating Army' in the field, but much has been sent direct to Havana, hidden in cases of fruit cans,—boxed as groceries."

"That is interesting," I admitted.

"We have pressed the dynamite into cylinders, for the cans, or into blocks, like this," continued the mysterious visitor, unwrapping the package he guarded so closely.

A cube of inky blackness was disclosed, at which the speaker gazed in awe.

"Is that dynamite?" I asked, breaking the silence.

"Yes; the most deadly agent employed in modern warfare. It is harmless, if carried without jar, but were I to drop it upon the floor, detonation would occur and this room and contents would utterly disappear. This building would be rended apart." Saying which, the strange man, obviously injured to danger, took up the black cube and offered it to me for inspection.

In my hands, the block had a greasy, crumbly feeling. I examined the solidified agent of death with caution.

"It resembles a compressed block of coal dust," I commented, intending to state a fact.

"Naturally," was the reply. "Coal dust and charcoal are employed to give consistency to the dynamite,—to ren-

der it capable of reasonably safe handling and shipping. The particles of carbon create the flame for the deadly explosive, and add a thousand-fold to its destructive qualities. It might be possible for a half pound of dynamite, —the quantity absorbed into this cube, —to detonate without setting fire to a house, but the carbon furnishes a flame that will ignite all woodwork near at hand, torn to splinters as it will be. We experimented for months before deciding on the most portable shape in which this life-destroying agent could be handled. We rejected all other treatment for this one.

"This form lends itself to many kinds of death. Think how easily a hero of our cause can mix one of these blocks with the coal as it goes into the bunkers of a Spanish man-of-war!"

"Surely you wouldn't do that?" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" was the retort, in affected astonishment. "You remember what General Sherman said about war?"

"Yes."

"He knew what he was talking about,—it is hellish!"

"Where do you make this?"

"Near Philadelphia, in the middle of a fifty-acre lot."

"To avoid accidents—or Spanish spies?"

"Accidents are frequent," was his comment. "Only last week, our mixing-room exploded and a score of workmen were destroyed." Noticing a look of incredulity in my face, for I am a close reader of the newspapers and had not seen anything of the kind mentioned, he hastened to add, "They were all Cubans and died in the cause of liberty." Then he sighed, patriotically, as he wiped a tear from one of his eyes.

"How do you ship the dynamite?"

"In our own steamers, ostensibly engaged in the fruit trade. The goods

are landed on the Cuban coast in small boats. No Spanish cruiser can catch us. Of course, great danger is involved in getting the boxes ashore. They are small, so that a man can carry one of them on his shoulder through the surf. A stumble generally means death. We have had several boats' crews annihilated by such accidents."

"Hazardous, beyond doubt," I said.

"But the cause of liberty makes many heroes."

"You are not a Cuban?" I asked.

"No; I am a New Jerseyman: but I am a lover of liberty. I fought with Walker in Nicaragua, with the Herzegovinians, with the Greeks against Turkey, and was through the Ten Years' War in Cuba."

"Did the insurgents use much of this?"

"In all their fights," was the animated reply. "We hurled canisters of dynamite, in gelatine form, from our field pieces."

"Indeed!"

"We buried bricks of the explosive in this form in the highways along which the Spanish cavalry advanced upon us. It was as fatal to the *morale* of our enemies as to their lives. The troopers would take to the woods, where our sharp-shooters pot-hunted and killed them without mercy. War, in Cuba, is to the death. Do you think \$100 too much for a complete narrative of my adventures?" the hero asked, anxiously.

"It is a stupendous story," I commented.

"My commission in the Cuban army bears General Gomez's name. I'll bring it to-morrow—not for publication, but as an evidence of my identity. Can I get the money to-night?"

"Possibly," was my evasive reply.

"I'd like it to-night, the hotel people are getting ugly."

"That's easily fixed."

"Oh, is it? Then, I feel better; I'll tell you where we were last,—but it is only one of the many dangerous trips."

"That's what we want, facts."

"I went right into Havana with a score of those cubes in a hand-bag," again taking up the black brick, but immediately replacing it on the table. Growing more animated, he continued: "I got a contract to repair the streets facing the Tacon Theatre and the Hotel Inglaterra. Just under the curb, at regular intervals, I slipped one of these cubes into place. Surely you remember hearing about bombs thrown among the crowds leaving the theatre? No? The explosions were caused by horses stepping upon the mines in the street. But a friend of mine was far braver than I. He actually placed two of the blocks in the court-yard of the Captain-General's palace, so that when Blanco's carriage passes over the spot he will be blown to the four winds of —"

Suiting the action to his words "Capitano Cantaro" waved his left arm so vigorously as to sweep the cube of dynamite off the table.

I was the first on my feet. The fall of the black brick had not produced even a jar. A little mound of black coal dust lay on the hard-wood floor.

The Cuban patriot never looked in my direction. He turned his back, putting on his hat as he moved toward the door. There he halted a moment to ask:

"It was a good story, wasn't it? And cheap at a hundred,—if I hadn't dropped the brick."

Then he vanished forever.

THE Spanish editor is a humorous delight. I served as a correspondent at Madrid one year, during which time Mr. B. B. Hotchkiss, the American inventor, visited the capital to conclude a contract with the Spanish Government for his revolving cannon.

A few days after his arrival, the *Diario Español* printed a denunciation of the weapon.

When a Spaniard in public life is attacked by a newspaper, he never goes to ask either apology or retraction. If wealthy, he buys or rents a newspaper in which to answer his adversary in signed articles of vehement character. This course often leads to duels. Smaller men, not in politics, merely hire professional thugs to pick a quarrel with the offending editor and "do him up." A few hundred pesetas will accomplish this.

The attack upon Mr. Hotchkiss was brought to his notice, and he came over from the Hotel de Paris to consult with me as to what had best be done.

"Look at this," he began, handing me the article, which he had had translated into English. "What would you do about it? I can't read a word of the lingo, but I am told it is very severe."

"I'd do nothing," was my answer, after glancing over the editorial. I knew the peculiar methods of Continental journalists in dealing with complaints.

"But I can't stand this."

"You might send somebody to see the editor of the *Diario*, but don't go yourself," was my further suggestion.

"You're dead wrong; I'll go myself, and want you to go along,"—saying which, the American strode up and down the room.

Under protest, I agreed to accompany him to the office of the *Diario*.

We were ushered into a reception-room, the walls of which were hung with rapiers, swords, foils, pistols and other intimidating weapons.

"What sort of a place is this?" exclaimed Hotchkiss. "Is it a museum?"

"No, indeed," I explained; "we are in the ante-room of the editor we have come to persuade."

"Ah! Quite a collection! What is written upon the cards attached to the weapons?" asked the inventor. I read several of the inscriptions to the interested visitor. Under a pair of rapiers, for example, were the words: "These were used at Segovia, 6 o'clock in the morning of Jan. 4."

"Humph!" commented Hotchkiss. "He wants us to believe him a fierce chap."

"My dear sir, you must understand that the editor of a political organ in Madrid must be an expert swordsman," I explained.

"I have heard that 'the pen is mightier than the sword,' but here it appears to be different. What's on this card?" pointing to the next specimen on the wall. I read aloud:

"Señor Gonzales, founder of the *Diario*, killed Señor Cantero, Member of the Cortes, with this sword in fair combat, at 7 A.M., March 28, 1875." The mention of the early hour unmistakably indicated the character of all the meetings.

"Now, I think I understand!" exclaimed Hotchkiss. "I'll meet this man on his own ground. Wait for me here!"

Before I realized what my companion intended to do, he hurried out to his cab and drove off.

Left alone, I studied the apartment, and observed over the door to the sanctum of the editor the legend, "*Guerra al cuchillo*." (War to the knife.)

My belligerent countryman and I were likely to have trouble. It appeared, preëminently, a case for diplomatic treatment.

A beautiful pair of swords, evidently of Toledo make, lay in a glass case on a window ledge. I was examining them with genuine admiration when a small, wiry, swarthy-faced man quietly entered the room.

"Buenos días, señor caballero," said he. "I welcome you." Then he bowed, with Castilian courtesy and grace.

I was about to explain that I had called to present the distinguished American inventor, when the outer door opened and Mr. Hotchkiss entered. In his hand he carried a Viscayan clasp-knife of shudder-provoking proportions. I instantly recognized the weapon as one we had seen in a shop window on the Puerta del Sol.

Hardly had I introduced the two men, when the American said to me, in his native tongue:

"Is this the editor? Tell him I will fight him with this,—a weapon of his own country!"

The motion of his hand was toward the Spaniard, but it saved the situation by suggesting a way out of the serious dilemma.

The journalist bowed, evidently interested and curious. He didn't understand English, that was clear. Turning to him, I said:

"My friend is so appreciative of your superb collection of weapons, that he wishes to add a very pretty specimen he saw in a shop to-day; will you accept it?"

"What are you telling him?" inquired Hotchkiss.

"That you have brought a souvenir to add to his collection, as a memento of your visit," I explained, in the language of New York.

"What are you doing that for?" demanded the American, angering.

"It's the way to get what we want," I added, innocently. "Now, I'll thank him, in your name, for the article published about you, and assure him you consider it highly complimentary."

"Not on your life," retorted Hotchkiss, who had no heart for diplomacy. "Tell him, for me, he is a blackguard and a liar; and that I'll fight him any way he likes."

"What says your enthusiastic friend?" asked the Spaniard, bowing again.

"He wishes to explain that he is very sorry he has not been able to procure a finer specimen of Viscayan handiwork," I replied, cautiously taking the weapon from my companion and extending it to the editor. "He begs you to accept this, until he can send you a really rare specimen,—one from Damascus, if possible."

"I receive the token of his esteem, and kiss his hand. *Este Americano es mi entusiasmo!*" said the Spanish journalist.

"What does he say, now?" demanded Mr. Hotchkiss.

"That you are his enthusiasm."

"He does, does he: he's 'a grafter,' but can't work me," was the retort.

"We're the grafters; we're working him," I reassured him.

"What says your friend?" asked the editor.

"That he loves Spaniards and cannot see why they ever should misunderstand Americans." We all bowed.

"Will you gentlemen dine with me at the Cafe Fornos, in Calle Alcalá, at 7 o'clock? I shall be made very happy, and will have some members of my staff there to meet you."

Appearing to consult my companion, I actually said: "He has asked us to dinner, and we shall accept. It is much better to eat with him than fight him."

We went to the Cafe Fornos. It was a gem of a dinner. The only soft spot in the occasion developed when one of the young editors "butted in," and made some highly discourteous references to the Virginius episode. He was promptly suppressed by the host, and the incident was soon forgotten.

"How easy one may misjudge a man," said the famous American, as we walked to our hotel after the feast was over. "Do you know, I like that Spaniard, because he knows how to order a dinner. He may say any old thing about me he pleases hereafter. I'd for-

give anything, after that bottle of Valdepeñas."

"He told me that he'd write another eulogy of you to-morrow," said I. "This will be something fulsome."

"O, I say, my boy," thoughtfully, "you ought to go in for diplomacy; it's your strong point."

THE chief editorial writer of a Washington journal is an elderly bachelor who has been made the object of many practical jokes by his companions. The dignity with which he always enters the office and the gravity with which he begins work are mirth-provoking. He is profound; his memory is prodigious; he is methodical to the last degree; but the production of "copy" involves severe mental effort.

After devoting a recent afternoon to the composition of a "leader" on the Bulgarian atrocities, the editor remained long enough to write a farewell letter to a sweetheart who had discarded him. He began as follows:

"My dear Ellen: In deepest sorrow, I say farewell. I have no reproaches to make, and accept your decision as final. I have been devotedly fond of you, and thought my love returned—" and so on, in similar strain to the length of a page. He then made a neat, clean copy which he mailed; but, in a fit of abstraction, quite unusual, the editor tore up a sheet of his article instead of the original letter, and placed the latter in the midst of his editorial.

Laying his completed work on the night desk, the leader-writer went to dinner.

The night editor is accustomed to mistakes. When he discovered that a page was missing from the Bulgarian editorial he fixed the broken sentences, in order to make the copy "read on." Then he came upon the letter that had gone astray.

In the editorial article was a brief

extract from *L'Indépendance Belge*, the leader-writer's favorite authority on current Continental opinion.

The night editor was a practical joker of the most pronounced character. He had "the farewell Ellen letter" put in type, and substituted it for the paragraph from the Brussels newspaper, in the single proof-sheet sent to the editorial writer's desk.

Every man on the floor was "put wise," and all awaited the leader-writer's return.

The courtly gentleman arrived in his most dignified mien. Seating himself, he adjusted his glasses, took up the proofs and began the revision of his "leader."

The members of the entire staff were furtively watching their victim, when he suddenly sprang into the air and screamed:

"How in the fiend's name did this occur, Hutchins? Am I going mad? A letter I mailed this afternoon is printed in my Bulgarian 'leader'!"

All the editors displayed marked solicitude. They gathered round their colleague and asked to see the peculiar "mix-up"; but the editorial writer positively refused to exhibit his proof-slip.

Mr. Hutchins called a boy.

"Go to the composing-room," said

he, "and bring me a proof of the Bulgarian 'leader'!"

Everybody awaited the boy's return—the leader-writer in a nervous condition bordering on collapse.

When the proof-slip arrived, the extract from the Belgian journal was in its place, and, of course, the "Dear Ellen" letter was not in evidence. Not one of the editors who examined the proof could discover anything wrong about the article. Each man pronounced it "admirable." The "galley-proof" was carried to the editorial writer's desk. He gazed in blank amazement from the fresh slip to the original one,—which he stoutly refused to surrender for comparison.

His companions affected surprise and incredulity. Not a smile appeared on any of their faces.

Rising to his feet, the gallant old beau said, with all the dignity of a Virginian:

"Gentlemen, I regret that an explanation is impossible because the name of a lady is involved."

Not a man in the party but felt sorry that the joke had been perpetrated.

The old leader-writer put on his black frock coat and started for the door, self-communing:

"I'm working too hard, and need a rest."

Depending on the Price

"I WILL scribble," quoth Thomas N. Page,
"A dime-novel of One-fifty gauge."

On his own native heith

He then wrote "Gordon Keith,"

And at once it became quite the rage.

C. A.

Love, The Leveller

BY EDGAR FAWCETT

ROME had been specially charming that winter. For weeks the skies had kept dazzlingly clear, and great soft clouds had gathered only toward afternoon, as if with one sole celestial purpose; they often made splendid sunsets for Brenda to gaze at while she took her walks among the pale busts and ebon ilexes of the Pincio.

This was not far from her small pension on the *Via Sistina*, and thither, for many an afternoon, she had chosen to walk.

At first, when he came to join her, with his youthfully erect figure, his fresh laugh and his vivid blue eyes, she fancied him somewhat of a bore. He was an American, like herself, and that fact pleased her. But their towns had been different. He, Wallace De Peyster, was from New York, and she, Brenda Salisbury, had lived in Boston most of her life. Socially, the two cities have always been so far apart that they could not talk much of people overseas.

And so, for a time they talked commonplaces. Thus it seemed to Brenda at first, though she gradually found herself interested in De Peyster's evident conviction that he was acquitting himself with "cleverness."

Not that he affected her as being in the least troubled by an overplus of self-esteem. But she had met so many brilliant men in her day. And it was now a relatively late day; she had nearly reached her forty-sixth year.

She did not look thirty; she did not "look," for that matter, any age at all. She simply struck you as a very lovely woman, with masses of waved chestnut hair and silvery gray eyes, and the sweetest of dimples and an exquisite grace of carriage. She had met De Peyster at a reception given by an American friend in the *Via del Bambino*; but she seldom went anywhere into society now. She had stayed but a brief while at the reception; its gayety had chilled her with memories. Once she had spent a winter in Rome with her dead husband, but that was many years ago. She had reigned as a belle there, and been courted and fêted by the proudest grandees.

Now she had come here, not to revive old associations except in a pensive and half pleasurable way. Merely a fragment of her dead husband's great wealth was left her. And he had died so ignominiously by suicide,—so notoriously as well! People had talked of her reckless extravagance as having helped to ruin him. She had quite refused to contradict the lie. It was he who had always wished her to dress with costliness and entertain with splendor. Mad speculation had ruined him. She knew that the proofs were plain as day, and she had let time reveal them. It was not in her nature to notice the malice of gossip; invariably her answer had been frosty disdain.

She had never loved her husband, though at first, in a sense, she had been

fond of him. Ambitious parents had pushed her into the match. A bride, she had yielded him the fullest respect. Later this had died. There were reasons. To put it charitably, she had discovered that he was a man of the world. Still later she became a woman of the world. And yet her life, through a continuous experience of admiration and flattery, had always remained unsullied by the vaguest scandal.

She had no pride in her own purity. She had watched other women go wrong, and pitied them. But in her pity there was never the least hint of self-extolment. "If I had been like them," she would think, "I might have imitated their follies. I was either not born with their temperaments, or I have never known the man who could rouse in me an actual passion. I have met men whose society has fascinated and delighted me, but never one whose presence would quicken my pulses or whose absence could shadow my spirit."

She had come to Italy simply for retirement, change, repose. All the horrible wranglings of lawyers had ceased. Enough had been allotted her to exist upon it with fair comfort through the rest of her days. She had thoughts of remaining on and on in Italy. Why not? Who could ever tire of this enchanting land? While it was cool she could stay in one of its various delightful cities. When these grew hot she would go up into the hills—to Perugia, Vallambrosa, and places like that.

Her husband had been dead two years. She had put off her mourning, and now clad with quiet gowns the delicate figure that had worn regal ones in former days. But it gave her a secret pleasure to observe, as she sometimes did, that even when she went veiled through the Roman streets, her step, her subtle felicity of motion, would attract heed from certain passers. And as for this new companion, this Wallace De Peyster, who surely

was not more than thirty if indeed so old, she found herself gently triumphing, as week followed week, at his palpable conviction that she was younger than himself.

He had found out, of course, that she was the widow of a Boston millionaire who had met with great losses and despairingly put a bullet through his brain, just as she in turn had found out that he was richer than any other members of his Knickerbocker family, owning an enormous amount of real estate in New York and having often been lured by the matrimonial sorceries of dainty transatlantic damsels.

By degrees the amusement which he gave her deepened into interest. He went about a great deal in the smart Roman world. He spoke Italian badly, but French exceedingly well. One of his rather remote cousins had married a nobleman honored in King Umberto's court. Besides, he had brought some rather valuable letters. These had taken him into both sets, the royal and the more exclusive papal. But he always found time to meet her at least once a day. Occasionally his visits would be short; then, as if with repentant allegiance, he would propose some drive upon the Campagna, some visit to the Borghese villa, set in its magnificent framework of evergreen verdure, some stroll through the deathless magnificence of the Coliseum, or perhaps an hour of murmured conversation in the artistic sanctity of the Sistine Chapel, overbrowed by Michael Angelo's divine frescoes.

Brenda lived so quiet a life and saw so few people that for quite a while she attributed the growing satisfaction derived from his company to nothing more serious than a natural wish for some sort of human and sympathetic association.

She paid no heed to the question of his being her lover. So many men, young and old, had been her lovers.

When their attentions had become too fervid she had always known what defensive weapons to use. But in De Peyster's case there had never seemed the faintest necessity for such repelling pose. One point, however, began to trouble her. She felt convinced, slowly but very surely, that he had taken for granted she was young as himself. Repeatedly she had an impulse to tell him the truth. But instead of this, she adopted little arts, in the strong Italian sunlight, of concealing by a veil the tiny but yet remorseless touches of time. She even went so far, in the piteousness of a new and self-astonishing coquetry, as to rearrange the shades at the windows of her small sitting-room. All the while she laughed at herself as absurdly vain. Never, until De Peyster was called away for a fortnight to Naples, did she realize what his companionship had meant, measuring it by the dreariness—the dismaying dreariness—of his absence.

Before he returned, full of eager joy which he made no effort to conceal, she had faced what seemed to her a most tragic truth. What should she do? Circumstances had made her their cruel sport. She loved him, yet was too old to marry him if he asked her! Of course she must shatter all further deception. She must tell him at once that he had mistaken her for a woman far younger than she appeared.

Then came the thought of how rehabilitating, quite apart from roseate questions of sentiment, her marriage would prove. Once again she might hold a high place, reëxchanging obscurity for distinction. All the faded foliage of her recent past would quicken and glisten into springtide freshness!

And so, when she next saw him all her courageous resolve died before his mingled gayety and devotion. It was March now, and he brought her an im-

mense bunch of violets and narcissi. They swiftly permeated the room with their fragrance. Outside the brilliant air was keen, and logs were sparkling on the hearthstone here indoors.

Brenda placed the flowers in a jar which she had caused promptly to be filled with water. While arranging them she spoke over her shoulder to De Peyster, "You got these down in the Piazza di Spagna, I'm sure. It was blazing with flowers when I crossed it this morning."

"Yes," he replied. "And just after I'd bought them I met Faulkner Southgate with his dapper little strut and his airy yellow mustache. 'Ah,' said Faulkner, tapping me on the shoulder with that short cane he carries, 'I see that you've been doing the dutiful to your sweetheart, whoever that fortunate lady may be.' I thought this rather impudent of Faulkie, but then he's always impudent, more or less, and we belonged to the same class and the same secret society at Columbia. 'Go and do likewise for your sweetheart,' I said, pointing to a huge cartful of flowers just in front of the yellow house where poor John Keats drew his last breath. 'By Jove, I will,' says Faulkie, 'and what's more, Wallace, I'll tell you who she is, for I'm engaged to her. It was announced last night at the Ambassador's big dinner.'" Here De Peyster threw back his head with a mellow laugh. "And to whom," he went on, "do you suppose Faulkner is engaged? That fat, rich old Mrs. Mornington who bowed to me in the Corso the other day, and of whom you remarked that she looked like a superannuated Hebe."

"Hush," said Brenda, turning and joining him at the fireplace. "You mustn't remember my stupid personalities."

"It hit her off with superb aptitude," pursued her guest in frolic tones. Then his face sobered a little.

"Of course the match on Faulkner's part is purely mercenary. This Mrs. Mornington owns a block of houses in New York, and is one of the very successful new upstarts. Well, be that as it may, but a man does appear so ridiculous when he marries a woman ten years older than himself. Don't you agree with me?"

She did not answer him for several moments. She had bent over the fire and began to push some of its half crumbled embers into a brighter blaze. Then, rising and letting the poker fall with a little harsh clang against the grate, she said, as if musingly:

"Yes, I suppose you're right. Women should be more discreet. But that, it seems to me, is what everybody is always saying to us women. Discretion is cried to us from our cradles to our graves. Men are so seldom preached at in the same way. Who knows? Perhaps your friend is the one love of this Mrs. Mornington's life. Perhaps there was a Mr. Mornington who entirely disappointed her. Women's hearts are sometimes like graveyards. They have to bury so much in them. They can't wear them on their sleeves, as so many men do!"

And then, in a dizzied moment she felt that he had come very close to her. His hand was tightening around her wrist; he was saying words of love, he was asking her to be his wife, he was telling her that if she had any sorrows it would be his future delight to assuage and banish them.

Before they parted that morning, she had struggled more than once to make everything clear. But when he had gone she knew that he went with the full certainty of their betrothal. He had promised to join a party that started, in an hour or two, for a short stay among the hills of Perugia. He left her with the warmth of his farewell kiss lingering on her lips, with the echo of his regrets at this unavoid-

able trip haunting her ears, and with a sense of forlorn cowardice piercing her heart.

The next day she received a most unexpected visit. Across the threshold of her sitting-room, still fragrant with De Peyster's flowers, floated the shape of Mrs. Gregory Gascoigne.

It was a rather imposing shape, tall, full moulded, clad fashionably, and crowned by a cold blond countenance, reared from a long, thinnish throat. Mrs. Gregory Gascoigne was a woman of whom her acquaintances had often said that, considering her good birth, it was remarkable how vulgar she could be when occasion suited her whim. Occasion seemed, just then, to suit it most aptly.

"I imagine that you know who I am, Mrs. Salisbury," she said. "I have just arrived at the Grand Hotel. We have been staying in Palermo, and spent a few days in Florence on our northward journey. My brother, Mr. Wallace De Peyster, may have told you of this."

"He has not mentioned it," returned Brenda.

"Really." The two women were seated now, looking straight into one another's faces. "I have just learned that my brother has left Rome for a short time. His absence...er...perhaps gives me an opportunity."

"An opportunity?" flowed with apparent carelessness from Brenda. "I don't understand."

"No? I mean this; it permits me to tell you that already three country people of ours—all at the Grand—have quite surprised me by accounts of my brother's incessant attentions to yourself."

A great thrill swept through Brenda. It was like the awakening of some giant's dormant prowess. She had not been (and so lately, too) a leader of society for nothing. She had dealt with insolence before now, and crushed

it. She meant to crush Mrs. Gregory Gascoigne's, though mercifully, for her brother's sake.

With eyes that measured her visitor from hat-rim to shoe-tip, and with the sort of half-weary smile we sometimes give to a noisy child whose caperings no longer amuse us, she coolly said:

"Mr. De Peyster comes to see me, now and then goes to walk or dine with me. I let him do both, and he lets himself do both. But it does not interest me that you should reinform me of these facts."

Mrs. Gascoigne gave her head a haughty toss. "Oh, it's war then!"

"It's always war between myself and vulgarity." As she spoke, Brenda rose. Every quiet movement of her slender frame somehow breathed imperative dismissal.

Mrs. Gascoigne, clenching both her gloved hands, rose also. "Vulgarity!" she fumed. "You fall back upon that charge. My brother is a great *parti*, and you have tried to entrap him—tried to marry him! It's horrible! You, a woman ten years older than he is, if a day! All the American colony in Rome is ringing with your behavior. I came here to beg of you—but, oh, you killed all that impulse in me by your self-inflated reception of my very first words! I'm no diplomatist—I've a temper, too, and frankly admit it. Perhaps I ought to have stayed away. I grant that, also."

"Thanks for the concession. You are quite at liberty to act upon your afterthought. Really this little room is mine, and that you should push your way into it, foaming with abuse and falsehood, reminds me, dear madam, of my own self-protective rights."

Here Brenda, calm as she had been low-voiced, poised her palm over a small metallic bell on a near table. Her attitude, her tones, her determined yet composed face, drew from Mrs. Gascoigne an exasperated sigh.

"You mean—?"

"Oh, it is very simple. The Roman police are not difficult to summon."

A shrill laugh rang from her auditor. She wheeled toward the door. "Delightful! I'll tell people that you threatened me with the police."

"No, you won't," said Brenda, with a somewhat sad intonation. "You will not dare. Too many of your friends know of your unfortunate temper, which makes you unpopular, terribly so, Mrs. Gascoigne. I know little of New York life, and from your brother—this brother whose name you just mentioned in so sickening a connection with my own—I have gained what slight information I possess regarding your curious lack of refinement."

Trembling with wrath, yet perhaps not daring to remain longer, Mrs. Gascoigne called across one shoulder while she made several fresh steps toward the door—

"When I see Wallace I shall tell him even more than I've just told you—that you're an intriguing widow, of whom it's been said that your heartless extravagance drove your late husband to suicide."

"Who says that? Who dares to say it?" cried Brenda, off guard for the first time and reeling from the blow struck by this termagant's lawless tongue.

But then the most unexpected of all conceivable things abruptly happened. She lifted her eyes and saw a figure standing in the doorway. It was Wallace De Peyster.

"I heard you, Agnes," he said to his sister, slowly advancing. "So you are here in Rome? So you are here, as well, in Mrs. Salisbury's house? And I find you insulting her, besides, and employing my name in the process?"

Agnes Gascoigne could find no answer ready. She stood rigid with consternation, staring at her brother. This brother was the one person in all

the world who could bridle her truculence.

De Peyster went up to Brenda. With great brevity he explained that the whole great Perugian party had been disbanded, owing to the sudden death (telegraphed on from Rome) of a certain Mr. Lawrence Disbrow's wife. "She dies most unexpectedly at the Hotel Quirinale, though for years she had been an invalid. Poor Larry! He was the getter-up and vitalizer of the whole affair. We all at once determined to come on with him. That explains me, you perceive," he finished, taking Brenda's hand, which she allowed him but transiently to retain.

As she withdrew her hand he turned toward his sister. Mrs. Gascoigne had never seen his face look so harshly clouded, so arrainging, so merciless.

"If you do not at once leave this house, Agnes," he said, "I give you my sacred promise that you and I shall be strangers for the rest of our lives."

Mrs. Gascoigne smiled a sort of sickly defiance. It seemed for an instant as if she would make some frenzied, wild-fire response. But the fraternal eye held her mute; its level and steely ray was at once threat and command. Audibly strangling a sob, she hurried away.

"Now tell me," exclaimed De Peyster, when she had gone, "just what my foolish sister has been saying. Don't spare her in the least. She doesn't deserve it."

He spoke caressingly. His gaze was moist as it envisaged her, and she felt that its unshed tears were half indignant, half compassionate.

"It was just this," Brenda returned. "She burst in upon me and began the most belligerent of volleys..." All that Mrs. Gascoigne had said Brenda now repeated, except for a single omission. She made no mention of that fierce, poniarding sen-

tence, "You, a woman ten years older than he is, if a day!"

De Peyster, when she had finished, caught both her hands. "Agnes shall send you a drastic apology! I've stood from her some of the rankest freaks, but this—"

Here a card was brought into the room by Brenda's maid. It was Agnes Gascoigne's card, sent to her brother. At the door of her carriage she had scribbled two sentences upon it in pencil. De Peyster now read these sentences while the departing maid closed the door.

This is what he read: "Ask your *inamorata* if she is or is not ten years older than yourself. I suspect that on this subject she may have been silent."

De Peyster stood for several seconds peering at the card with a bewildered frown. Then he made a step toward the fireplace. As he did so Brenda shot out—

"Don't burn the card. Let me see it first."

"No, no," he began dazedly... But she slipped to him and lightly snatched it from his hand. Receding a little, she read, almost at a glance, the pencilled words.

Her face crimsoned, then slowly paled. She seemed to find a spoken question in his bewildered look.

"Yes, Wallace, I've never told you. It is true. There is that difference. I was never sure that you were ignorant of it till last Thursday."

"Last Thursday," he repeated.

"Just before you went to Perugia. When you asked me—but never mind that. On the same day you spoke of your friend Faulkner Southgate—of how he told you he was engaged to Mrs. Mornington; 'a man does appear so ridiculous,' you added, 'when he marries a woman ten years older than himself.'"

She pronounced the words with

steadiness, but felt, now, while she turned toward a window and parted its curtains, as if each had been wrenched from a bleeding heart.

For a little time there was silence. She could not see him. But he had not moved—she was sure of that. Had she given him a bitter wound? Ah, how pitiful, she thought. She must not be selfish in her own sorrow. She should remember his. A passionate impulse of sympathy made her turn.

"Oh, Wallace! Forgive me! I'm so sorry! I—"

But he sprang toward her and crushed the protest with his lover's kiss. "Brenda! And if I said it of them! Were you sixteen or were you ninety, dearest, you would still be the only woman I should wish for my wife!"

Later, with happy tears on her lashes, she said to him: "You are very self-confident. Love levels many barriers, I know. But the barrier of time, Wallace—?"

"Hush," he said, with a certain delicate solemnity. "Love like ours can level all things but death."

Forced Repentance

BY MERIBAH PHILBRICK REED

LIKE Jacob of old I have buried my gods; the grave is deep and wide:
Senseless figures of clay, they shall lie there side by side
Hidden from mortal ken, till the trump of the Judgment Day—
I am freed from homage and rite, my idols are cast away.

The flames of the hearth are spent, cold is the empty room,
Alone, and ever alone, I crouch in the boundless gloom;
Alone, and never alone, for Shadows creep and call—
Shapes of my Heart's Desires, and my Heart cries out for them all.

In the Tomb of the Unforgot, where Silence holds stern sway,
Hidden from mortal ken, they must lie forever and aye . . .
I am crushed with the Years to Come, I am worn with my Freedom's pain—
Oh, Thou who canst understand . . . give me my gods again!

An Altar to Aphrodite

BY BLISS CARMAN

I

WILT thou not light thy silver lamps
Above the dark floor of the sea,
O Aphrodite?

They gleam for mariners and mark
The welcome arduous course for home,
Steady and wondrous.

They rise above the solemn hills,
And their eternal bright array,
O Mighty Mother,

Is on the sleeping roofs of men,
The shepherd's flock, the hunter's fire
In the dim forest,

And on thy children here who vow
Another starlit night to thee,
O Aphrodite.

II

I set an altar in the spacious night,
With hot impatient hands and eager prayers,
Ere time should take my youth or day return.

I spread the moonwhite linen, bleached in dew,
Scented with mint, and brodered on the hem
In deep Sidonian scarlet with these words:

*From Phaon sick of love and suppliant
To her who dwells in Paphos for pure joy:
With stars for lamps about my piety.*

Then laid thereon with vows and gentle words
The golden-tinted Mitylenean rose,—
Fragrance and beauty and consuming fire,—

The fragrance of the gardens of the south,
The beauty that makes men go mad for love,
The fire of youth and passion and unrest;

And ere the dawn put out those silver lamps,
My prayer to Aphrodite had been heard
And mingled with the murmur of the sea.

The gods had given me Gorgo, and bleak Fate
Could conquer us no more, nor dusty Time
Obliterate one vestige of that hour

III

The roof of the house of the sea
Is crusted with golden lights.
For Aphrodite has set
The fresh unaging stars
To shine above us far in the silent dusk.

The floor of the house of night
Is swept by a sweet West wind,
And strewn with flowers and grass,—
An ample chamber of sleep
For weary mortals and children tired of play.

O Mother of earth and sea,
The day and the purple night,
Thou hast given us life and joy
And love and the vent of tears,
And in the end the bountiful gift of sleep.

Countries I Have Never Seen

BY BERNARD G. RICHARDS

IV—RUSSIA

THOUGH I first saw the light in Russia, it is still one of the countries I have never seen. The first line is a figure of speech. What I meant to say is that I was born in Russia, and so long as I could not get out of it I "lived" in the Ghetto of a small town in the Polish part of the country. For all we were permitted to know of the outside world it did not exist, save for the police officials who came to keep us in order, set our Christian neighbors against us and collect taxes and bribes all in the name of the Czar. Then regiments of soldiers would pass through our town and help us consume what little the grocer would sell us on trust. After that we would all go to the synagogue and—according to the law—offer up a prayer for the health and preservation of the ruler of our land.

Thus was the principle of sincerity inculcated in us. If we had no right to see the rest of the country we were at least kept well informed of the existence of the Government. We were thus treated because we were born Jews, which is against the law of the country. And no one can blame the Government for our crime. As no one may blame the Government for anything and live in Russia it is not done, especially as it cannot be proven that it is right to be

born a Jew, for to attempt to prove this is also against the law. The Jews are not allowed to live in the leading industrial cities because they have shown no aptitude for industry where it does not exist; they are not allowed to own land because in the cities where they live they have not shown themselves to be good agriculturists; they are not allowed to become officers in the army because they remain common soldiers as long as they serve; they are not allowed to send their sons to the universities because—Russia has a reason for everything.

The law in Russia is against everything and everybody, except those who make and enforce it. When these find that it conflicts with their interests it is the law that suffers, and no one is any the wiser—save those who are forbidden to make heard their wisdom. Here, where the censure prohibits every form of utterance, silence becomes the height of wisdom. Those who are permitted to speak the open truth in Russia may be counted on the fingers of one hand—and then half of them will be left unused. Why these people are tolerated is one of the secrets of State. Outside of these, only those who write works of fiction, which the majority of the people cannot and do not read, are permitted to speak of things as they

are. When they exceed the limits of Russian decency and speak too openly they are given a trip to Siberia at the expense of the Government. Siberia is the place where the boldest, the most courageous and most talented products of Russia are put on cold storage.

It is the coldest part of the country, and honest people are sent there when the country becomes too hot for them. When the innocent tourist asks, "Where are your honest people?" Siberia is pointed out to him. If he asks more questions he is himself sent there. The Government objects to questions on general principles. Russia refuses to be interviewed.

Occasionally the Czar, who is absolute ruler, is allowed to have his own way, and he has the standing privilege to promise reforms to the people. Thus he is always full of promise. Some time ago he was allowed to play a practical joke upon all the powers of the world in order to break the monotony of his life. He called a peace conference and was very much amused at the seriousness with which people talked about his plan for universal disarmament. This gave him an idea that his great army ought to be vastly enlarged.

The Church and State go hand in hand in Russia, and neither is keeping good company. But when the Church sanctifies and the Government sanctions there is nothing left for God, or His helpless subjects, to do. The Czar is the official head of the Church. He closely examines all the prayers that the people send up to heaven, and if they ask too much, or there is anything revolutionary in them, those who pray are exiled to God-forsaken Siberia and their prayers are stopped on the way. The Russian people were originally Tartars or other barbarians, and the perseverance with which they preserve the reputation of their ancestors is admirable. They show remarkable

strength in resisting the influence of civilization, though they do take on some of the outward forms of European life; but this is only a joke on Europe. They borrow culture from many nations, and though they make no real use of it they pay it back in fine barbaric form. Time passes very slowly in Russia, and this affords much leisure to the intellectual life of the people, which is made up of vodka and cards. A century is like unto a day that has not passed, and even according to the calendar the Russians are twelve days behind time. The Russian peasants wear red shirts and frequently wave them in the air. Long coats, long boots and long beards are other picturesque parts of their apparel. There are many churches and chapels in this country, and the people cross themselves with one hand wherever they go, while with the other they scratch the Tartar.

The only political movement is that of the Nihilist party, which carries on all its campaigns under ground, as the Government does not approve all the planks of its platform. This platform demands, among other things, a constitution and the death of the Czar. It would seem that the Nihilists have dug their way under every part of the country and established communities and cities there. The reader of sensational fiction about Russia is in constant fear that at any moment the entire country will cave in, on account of its hollowed-out condition, and that both the Nihilists and their opponents will be annihilated. The hero, who is a violent Nihilist, is in imminent danger on every page. The leading industry of these underground cities is printing, and here all the revolutionary and anti-Government literature is published on a royalty basis. When this literature is discovered and confiscated by the Government it supplies its multitudes of officials with absorbing reading matter

for many years. Even the Czar is interested in this literature and enjoys it, together with his tea—if there are enough regiments to guard his life. He is in constant dread of finding a Nihilist in his pocket, under his hat, in the sole of his shoe, in the piece of sugar with which he sweetens his tea. His is a life of everlasting terrors, and he often feels like resigning his position. There are so many people after his life that no one knows why he wants to live.

Underground live some of the noblest youths of Russia—such as have not yet been sent to Siberia—but life is short here, and it is not because of the lack of fresh air. They labor unceasingly for their cause, are always attempting to blow up some portion of the country that the Czar is standing on, and though they don't advertise their fireworks, sooner or later they attract attention. The few must make up for the deficiencies of the many, and these heroic revolutionists have much to make up for. Many of them are realistic novelists because all the truth they may tell must be advanced in the form of fiction. Through the influence of the censor they learn to say things without saying them. No one has the right to vote in Russia, but those who join the

Nihilist party are often elected to remove the Czar, or at least a Governor. If he refuses to take office after election he is soon done away with in true Russian fashion. It all comes to the same thing in this land of the Czar. It is only a question of who should kill whom. The nobility of Russia reads anti-Government books, prays for the life of the Czar, collects its rents and goes to Paris to amuse itself. Russian newspapers must tell nothing but the truth, as they are supervised by the censor. Students are not allowed to think outside of their studies; and all their studies influence them toward Nihilism. Peasants are becoming laborers and are striking for the right of striking.

The national game of the Russians is torturing and killing the Jews, and the game is uninterrupted. At Eastertide, usually, the game reaches its utmost point of hilarity. The cries and moans and groans of dying Jews seem to furnish exhilarating Easter music for the Russians. The Government encourages this game in so far as is possible—all the more because it keeps the people out of Nihilism and other mischief. As it is also calculated to make them forget their troubles, we must not criticise such an innocent game too harshly.

“The Mettle of the Pasture”

THIS latest attempt of James Lane
Seems to give many readers a pane.
But its place it has took
As a Best Selling Book,
So the author can scarcely complane.

C. A.

The Modern Note

BY CLAUDE BRAGDON

STEVENSON says, "Man is a creature who lives principally by catchwords." They are bandied about in the newspapers, vociferated from pulpit and platform, and sung to applauding galleries in the music halls with the effect of making many people who have never thought believe they have been thinking. These current phrases of the hour may be said to constitute in the aggregate the modern note. It is not, however, this babel of the market-place which I shall attempt to render, but its rare overtone, audible only to intently listening ears: the secret best thoughts and enthusiasms of the generous-minded youth of today—the young man and maiden who, though they may quote George Ade and Mr. Dooley with appreciation, are yet responsive to the message of Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Sudermann; those to whom Browning, Meredith, and Henry James do not seem cryptic; those whose hearts warm to the Stevenson of the letters.

The youth of every generation has its chosen mouthpieces,—the men who reveal it to itself. For our fathers Emerson, Carlyle, and Matthew Arnold performed this office. It is not because time has already dimmed the lustre of these great teachers that the modern youth prefers the lesser radiance of Stevenson and Bernard Shaw (for example), but rather because these last speak to him from nearer at hand, less oracularly, more humanly

and humorously, and because they take into account certain facts in his environment of which their elders were not cognizant.

To catch and give again the modern note in all its cadences,—to show wherein it differs from the staid, statelier music of a generation or two ago is not an easy matter. It can be perhaps best accomplished by quoting some of the utterances of those men whose peculiar distinction is to have given it voice.

Their attitude (as must needs be the case to catch the fancy of youth) is mildly revolutionary. They take nothing for granted, recognize no constituted authority; they interrogate the conditions under which life must be lived; are critical, without pessimism, of the existing order, while not unhopeful of a newer and better. In the words of Meredith, "Our world is all but a sensational world at present, in maternal travail of a soberer, a braver, a brighter-eyed." Stevenson declares in a letter, "The firm, obliterated polite face of life, and the broad, bawdy and orgiastic foundations form a spectacle to which no habit reconciles me." Bernard Shaw says, in one of his prefaces, "I can no longer be satisfied with fictitious morals and fictitious good conduct, shedding fictitious glory on overcrowding, disease, crime, drink, war, cruelty, infant mortality, and all the other commonplaces of civilization which drive men to the theatre to

make foolish pretences that these things are progress, science, morals, religion, patriotism, imperial supremacy, national greatness and all the other names the newspapers call them. On the other hand, I see plenty of good in the world working itself out as fast as the idealist will allow it."

This fearless, questioning, challenging spirit which insists that the wise man speak smilingly of his wisdom, that the constituted custodians of law and morality stand from behind their artificial defences; which denies to religion the power to sanctify, of government to compel, and of law to condemn, finds embodiment in an entire gallery of young men, characters in the so-called New Drama: in the Oswald Alving of Ibsen's "Ghosts," who attempts to force his mother to take the life she gave him when that life should become a horror and a burden to them both; in the Norbert of Sudermann's "Joy of Living," who in his devotion to a principle of abstract justice unwittingly judges, condemns, and sentences his father; in Marchbanks, the revolutionary young poet of Mr. Shaw's "Candida." These various presentments of the modern—the ultra-modern—youth show him engaged in the effort to see all things clearly, to call things by their true names, and to avoid the pitfalls of sentiment in a romance-riddled world.

In our young man there is more of Horatio than of Hamlet. The visible world exists for him: he recognizes it, and not another as the true theatre of his soul's activity: he loves its beauty, and exults in its opportunity.

"Still to be sure of the Dawn—
Still to be glad for the Sea—
Still to know fire of the blood:
God keep these things in me."

So sings Bruce Porter in "The Lark," and Stevenson voices the same senti-

ment in a hundred passages,—that life is better than theories about life, that a man should "act tomorrow what he learns today." This is Browning's message also, as conveyed in such poems as "The Last Ride Together," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and "The Statue and the Bust":

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize be it what it
will!"

In Ibsen's "Rosmerholm," Rebecca West, the incarnation of the modern spirit, says to Rosmer, ghost ridden by the past, "Live, work, act, don't sit here and brood and grope among insoluble enigmas."

According to the modern notion a man should be something of an artist in life; he should at least appear to play his part easily, with dash and gusto, like the acrobat who performs each dangerous feat smiling. This is *la panache*, the feather in the cap of courage,—bravery with humor added. It is the spirit in which Lungtungpen was taken, in which Cyrano composed his ballade while he fought a duel, for Cyrano and Alan Breck, no less than Mulvaney and Sherlock Holmes are very modern heroes. Stevenson's whole life was one long devotion to this ideal. He carried his ill-health and penury bravely and wittily into far corners of the earth, through many strange adventures. As he wrote to William Archer, "The medicine bottles on my chimney and the blood on my handkerchief are accidents; . . . they do not exist in my prospect."

The melodramatic gloom of Byron, the lachrymose pathos of Dickens, and the shallow sentimentality of Thackeray touch the source of our tears less surely than sheer gay-heartedness and courage in the face of disease, difficulty, or danger. This is the modern note. A clever woman told me that every young

man of her acquaintance, when he reached a certain degree of intimacy, quoted these lines of Henley's:

"Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed."

With the new humor all are by this time familiar, but the new pathos is less recognized and understood. Mr. James and Mr. Barrie notably possess its secret. The difference between the new and the old is just the difference between Dickens's Little Nell and Mr. James's Maisie,—that white flower grown in the mire of social London—between Nanda and Mitchy of "The Awkward Age" and their prototypes (if indeed they had any) in the fiction of thirty or forty years ago. It does not do nowadays to wax hysterical over one's chosen hero or heroine, or for that matter over anything or anybody.

In nothing is the essentially modern point of view more sharply contrasted with that of a few decades ago than in the attitude of men towards women,—in the altered aspect of the whole problem of the relation of the sexes. To put it briefly, the change has been from an attitude of sentimental chivalry to a kind of common-sense *camaraderie*. Love, having become less silly, spends less time in trying to hide his face. "What do you and Madeleine talk about when you are together?" I asked of Sweet Sixteen. "We talk about the boys," she promptly responded, to the consternation of her grandmother, brought up to lie politely on this subject. Girls no longer expect nor desire the vapid compliments upon their charm and beauty which formed the stock-in-trade of the ante-bellum beau; they prefer to be talked to sensibly. They are frank of speech and fearless in action, the companions of man, not the fair Circassians of his leisure. The ideal of womanhood is no longer the soulful-eyed, sloping-shouldered, and lackadaisical "female" of the keepsake

type, but the straight, strong, wholesome, large-minded, and true-hearted girl that Du Maurier and Gibson have so well visualized for us. Browning and Meredith were the first to release this splendid creature from her chrysalis. She flutters through their pages in a thousand radiant presentments: in the nameless heroines of such poems as "Respectability," and "The Last Ride Together"; in Clara Middleton and Diana Warwick. Of Diana, Meredith makes his hero say, "With her, or rather with his thought of her, his soul understood the right union of women and men from the roots to the flowering heights of that rare graft. She gave him comprehension of the meaning of love, a word in many mouths, not often explained. With her, wound in his idea of her, he perceived it to signify a new start in our existence, a finer shoot of the tree stoutly planted in gross earth, the senses running their live sap, the minds companioned and the spirits made one by the whole natural conjunction."

Any analysis, however superficial, of the complex psychology of the New Youth would be incomplete without taking into account a certain mystical quality difficult to define,—not spirituality, but a responsiveness to the appeal of spiritual things.

"O'er the modern waste a dove hath whirred."

Its name is Music, but it is also Mystery,—not the mystery of a dimly imagined unseen world, peopled with graveyard-haunting spectres, so much as the mystery latent in the known and familiar, and most of all in the human soul itself.

Schopenhauer predicted in the early part of the nineteenth century, when the sacred books of India were for the first time made known to European culture, that the influence of this newly

recovered ancient wisdom upon the modern world would be not less great than was the effect of the rediscovered art and literature of ancient Greece and Rome upon monkish civilization of the middle ages. Opinions may differ as to whether this prophecy is being fulfilled or ever will be, but it is certain, as Lafcadio Hearn points out, that precious germs of world-old knowledge which have come to us "out of the mysterious East" have been discovered to anticipate many of the latest generalizations of modern science. The doctrine of metempsychosis—that transmigration from form to form whereby the soul attains to knowledge, reaps what it has sown, and builds the house which it inhabits: the conception of that soul not as a clean sheet for the writing of one life's experience, but as some ancient papyrus, forever passed from hand to hand, scrawled over with the record of all the joy, suffering, the knowledge—good and evil—accumulated throughout the ages: the belief in a manifold ego; a battlefield of warring consciousness:—these and similar conceptions have wonderfully enlarged and deepened our view of the universe and of human life. They have furnished new themes for art and introduced a new note into literature. Witness, for example, Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson," Stevenson's "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Brownings' "Cristina" and "Evelyn Hope":

"Ages past the soul existed,
Here an age 'tis resting merely,
And hence fleets again for ages."

"I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse,
not a few:
Much to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking
you."

This also from Henley:

"Or ever the knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave,
I was a king in Babylon
And you were a Christian slave."

Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Hauptmann, though they employ the realistic method, are mystics through and through, and even Henry James and W. D. Howells have shown a disposition, in their later work, to dabble in the occult.

It is Maeterlinck, however, who is the acknowledged exponent of the New Mysticism, as it might be called, not so much in his plays, which I for one do not profess to understand, as in his quasi-philosophical writings, "The Treasure of the Humble," "Wisdom and Destiny," and "The Buried Temple." Maeterlinck professes to see in the troubled, obscure, and ambiguous present the beginning of one of those periods in the world's history when the soul, in obedience to unknown laws, comes near to the surface of life, and in unmistakable ways gives evidence of its presence and its power. He sustains this view with admirable arguments and illustrations, though perhaps the most convincing proof of all lies in the fact that many thousand people scattered throughout the world are translating his exalted thought into life and conduct.

If such a new day is about to dawn, the men whom I have mentioned, like mountain peaks above a valley, have caught the light of the unrisen sun which, rising higher, will illumine also the low places. When this has come to pass, that is, when their boldest and most far-reaching thought shall have become the commonplace of the common man, the young and eager spirits will be setting forth on the other tack, turning their faces towards more distant horizons. It is thus that we "antagonize on" to our distant and mysterious goal.

Burgos

BY EDWARD HUTTON

NOT altogether out of the world, yet having but few dealings with it, Burgos stands upon her hill-side waiting perhaps for the coming of Jesus. For whereas the world at large has forgotten Him, being busy with the occupations and rivalries of Life, Burgos, in spite of herself almost, cannot rase out that remembrance. So she stands a noble city, her gaze fixed on the stars, unconscious of her loneliness among her yellow hills; undismayed by storm or sunshine, waiting for the sign of the Son of Man.

Imagine to yourself a country of low, sweeping hills, immense, voluminous, yellow under a blue sky and searched by an impartial sun; and in a valley so wide as to be almost a plain, a splendid city, white and red and smokeless. Her river is shrunk with age and cannot fill his banks, on which avenues of poplars guard the monotonous walks of the dreamers from the sun, lest they grow weary or forgetful in the sunshine. Walking down one of these avenues beyond the river, one sees really, for the first time, the true Burgos, its heart, as it were, the centre of its being—the Cathedral. There is no ecstasy so profound that it may not be expressed in stone, so that it may endure for ever; and in a kind of reaction, as it were, the Cathedral seems to have captured the hearts of the people, so that they, too, look for some divine thing, and are strangers outside the gates of their own city. And, in-

deed, it is true, there is little else to think of in so isolated a place, save the emotions of its own heart full of an enthusiasm that has pierced so far towards the stars that it is in itself—as has been said of architecture generally—song made visible.

Coming to Burgos from the rather obvious beauty of the country at the base of the Pyrenees, I saw her first under a sky of few stars and without the airiness and light that the Moon lends even to Nature. And yet there was an added beauty in the calm and profound depth of a sky too deep for the Moon's light; for I found the open-work towers of the great church studded with stars, so that as one might think Nature had lent her diamonds, not from the earth which she, alas! held but as worthless, but from the sky itself, in which she thought her home to be. And it is, indeed, as the "work of angels" that one comes to think of the Cathedral ever afterwards, not confining that perfection they so naturally would lend her to the lantern alone, but finding everywhere in turret and chapel and relief and screen some scrupulous though not simple beauty, not quite natural or to be explained even by ourselves as part of the influence of the English Bishop, Maurice by name, whose tomb is never lonely in the great choir. For, indeed, in the enthusiasm of its ornament, in the passionate swiftness of its arches, in the unlimited desire of its height

and depth and breadth, there is nothing of England at all, nothing of those "plain, gray walls pierced with long lancet windows overlooking the lowlands of Essex or the meadows of Kent or Berkshire." For, after all, Burgos itself is but part of its Cathedral in a way that no English city can ever be part of its own great church, the which is really antagonistic to everything around it, the houses of the citizens, the modern life of the people, and even the religion that she, too, has learned to tolerate as a sufficient excuse for her preservation from Death. But the landscape of Burgos has no mildness, and no comfort; it is bare and sombre, and one of the saddest and most ardent countries of the world. For the city is solitary without the melodramatic relief of mountains or torrents or even the sweetness of a river. Her only companion is the fierceness of the tragic and magnificent sierras, tawny ruins that Nature has forgotten since the world was void.

Ah, I speak as a child—for she is beautiful to me and my words are not worthy of her. The country is harsh to her whilst she immaculate, inflexible, secret, is really the first city I have seen that verily believes in Christ. She is an image of Faith, of Exaltation in a world that is overheated and full of lies and greatly desirous. Not energy nor even passion fills her eyes—but Faith. Is this so common in the world that one should be offended? or so contemptible that one should laugh in passing by? Faith for her at least merits no semi-darkness; she is not ashamed to let the world see her tears as they fall at the remembrance of her sins.

Light—it is the very first surprise for the Northerner on entering the vast and splendid Church. There is nothing hidden, the choir is set far, oh! far, from the High Altar and the screens are of bronze; there is no crypt as at Chartres for the earliest mystery; even

the Holy Christ of Burgos is vistaed in an avenue of light, so that one is never deceived, one is not drunk with twilight and the burning glass, one is not deceived at all; it is as though we were on the hillside almost, as indeed we are—a hillside covered with the work of angels—angels of Light. And unlike Gothic in general, always so full of excitement, I at least find here something of the repose of the pagan builders, or at least of Italian churches, which, lacking so much that the Gothic possess, at least have that very precious rest and repose in a perfection of space and light. It is an expression perhaps, here in the country of the Most Catholic Kings of the "age" of Christianity and of the serenity to be found in just that; so that there is no need to protest any longer, and one may in peace at last contemplate the sheer beauty of the Catholic Religion, its splendor, its fitness. Perhaps something of this restfulness is due to the great pride of the race that built so enthusiastic a house. For, indeed, enthusiasm has here kept something of its old dreaminess, so that the Spaniard seems to be, while of all men the most intelligent, still the least practical of mortals, unwilling to consider anything of importance save immaterial things or pleasure. And so it is, that I have seen in the evening of Sunday the people of Burgos gather in their Cathedral while the sun is setting, to watch the choir and the aisles grow mysterious, with a kind of wonder and terror almost, coming at last under the great Lantern where the sun shines for a full half-hour after the rest of the church is dark.

That delight in the tricks of Nature—the sun treating the Cathedral as though she were a great hill or a mountain, recognizing, as it were, not without sympathy, the rearrangement of the stones of the hills by man, is as it seems to me characteristic of a people that has not been materially successful.

In England people have not the time or the desire to care for so impalpable a thing as that, and indeed the sun is not so kind to us.

And yet withal to the convinced Northerner, Spain is something of a fraud, as though, indeed, she had decided never to be happy, at least in the cosy, serious way of the Germanic peoples. And so, especially in the Northern provinces and in Castile, one finds a profound melancholy, not only in the people, but in the mighty landscapes and buildings, too. Perhaps that is why Spain is the most Christian country in the world. For those who have decided to be sad, are well fitted to enjoy the more profound ecstasies of the Catholic Faith. Not a country to enjoy oneself in as Italy is, but one in which it is necessary to remember Death every hour of the day. Nor is this sadness, this melancholy, caused, I think, by Spain's encounters with the Modern world in which she has of course suffered so grievously, but it is a part of her very being, so that she can be happy, but never merry, joyful only in an ecstasy of emotion which is soon burnt up by its very fierceness and energy, and forgotten. Her heritage from that, after all, damnable Pagan world is, I seem to think, a certain delight in the ridiculous or sorry figure cut by the inferior beings such as animals or mad people or cripples, when brought into contact with the superior animal whom they cannot altogether understand, and have learned, here at any rate, to dislike and to fear. So that one is never quite certain as one goes about whether some extraordinary emotion will not seize on those around one—lay bare, if only for a moment, the less worthy side of a human nature that has never kept to the great highway of life. Spain has, perhaps, in her own mind failed to reconcile herself to the less violent passions of our day, living still in a past that has by this time

decayed about her so that she is surrounded ever by the atmosphere of Death. And it seems to me this failure to understand a world that has ceased to be passionate about anything save business has quite undone a land not less noble than our own. One is forced, in spite of her deep and grave reserve, to sympathize with her, and to pity her, she is so evidently bewildered. Such an attitude on the part of the foreigner, however, is the last to recommend him to the Spaniard; and so one is not altogether in love with one whom it is so difficult to approach. We, too, are in our turn bewildered; and speaking, in a deeper sense than that of words, a different language, we fail to understand a people that still holds Christ to have been divine indeed.

So in a hostile world, she has surrounded herself with those who think as she does; every day watching anxiously to see the Priest make Christ out of Bread and Wine—very precious things even in themselves in a land so poor as this. And she is satisfied. She does not desire to change. Well, it may be that for her, that is the only end. Yet I, for one, regret it. Yes, in spite of damnable modernity with its extraordinary contrivances, that has lighted her old and filthy streets with electricity, she is too great to go down into the dust without hope. It is there I touch, I think, her true disease. Perhaps faith in Christ has devoured all faith in herself, so that without Him she cannot lift her head or draw her sword. If only one could rouse her a little from her contemplation! Is it only contemplation? or is she dying there in her silence, under the blind dust storm of modern ideas, her mighty limbs flung mightily and the riding of war forgotten?

So in speaking of Spain generally one has ever in remembrance that splendid city.

The Showiest Trickster

Confessions of a Theatrical Press Agent

BY WILLIAM LOFTUS

THE man who signs as press agent for a modern theatrical attraction of any pretensions has no sinecure. He must secure for his star or company thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of newspaper advertising, absolutely free of cost. Your old-time "seven days ahead" man, who simply went from town to town, arranged for paid advertising, programmes, etc., and left a few stereotyped notices to be run at the will of editors, would be lost among the aggressive, nervous "publicity artists" of to-day who overlook not the slightest chance to turn a trick of free advertising to their account. The experiences I relate here are merely mild examples drawn from a quiverful of showy tricks. The instances might be multiplied, all showing the unscrupulousness of the modern "star" in the effort to secure publicity, but if any more is wanted let the reader figure out for himself the motives that underly the daily gossip concerning favorite actors and their whims.

I left a good newspaper berth to become an advance agent. I had worked up through the successive stages of reporting, reading copy and doing desk "stunts," until finally I became city editor with the understanding that I might eventually step into the night editor's shoes. From that one could look into the editorial chair, but three

figures a week from a well-known theatrical manager decided me to quit the newspaper business. I went ahead of a well-known star, and was told that it would be easy work for me to get material in the newspapers, as he was full of "good copy." I found that all stars are alike in their insatiable thirst for public attention. Some of them talk about being retiring and about the dignity of their position, but they are just as eager as any to secure advertising without paying for it out of the box-office receipts. The only difference is that the agent ahead of one of these shining lights must not write quite such a "raw" brand of stories. The themes must deal with the home life of the actor or with some equally quiet and "dignified" topic. The actor is shown in his riding costume, in his study, and even in his bath robe. His bedroom is photographed, and figures in the Sunday newspaper article that describes his fondness for home life and the treasures that cluster about his hearth. That there is anything undignified about this never enters the actor's head.

The Sunday newspaper forms the choicest part of the advance agent's field. He must cultivate the Sunday editors assiduously, giving those critical individuals the choice of "exclusive" yarns and pictures—and incidentally of several of the best seats in

the house. Sunday editors vary with the complexion of their papers. Some demand material that is full of sensation and incident. There is no use trying a "home life" article on a paper that is always full of froth and that manifests an antipathy toward plain black ink. Such papers want sensational stories—stories about the hypnotic eyes of a chorus girl; about the big fortune that has just fallen to the soubrette; or the wager of the star to enter a cage of bears. The agent who invented the story about the milk baths of a French actress who was visiting this country laid the foundation of that lady's large fortune. The agent himself, poor devil, is never heard of today. Another agent made a great hit by spreading tanbark on the streets surrounding the theatre in which his star was playing. The actress had complained that the noise of passing wagons jarred on her nerves, and the agent lost no time in putting down the tanbark. The subsequent altercation with the city authorities about the removal of the tanbark brought the actress to the notice of the community and bolstered up an otherwise weak engagement. One well-known actress once picked up a little Hindoo idol as a curiosity. Her ambitious press agent at once manufactured the story that she had adopted Brahminism as a religion, printed photographs of the little idol, magnified to a shrine, and wrote descriptive columns about the strange rites of worship in the actress's boudoir. Actresses are described as owners of valuable race-horses; as being related to people who never heard of them; as being engaged to noblemen who never existed; as being crack rifle shots, wonderful bowlers, daring chauffeurs, and other things they are not. Actors and actresses are said to be pestered with "mash notes," and one agent recently made successful advertising by having telegrams sent on,

purporting to be from the chorus girls of his company, saying that they would not play their next week's engagement unless they were guaranteed protection from stage-door "Johnnies." Inasmuch as the chorus in question was composed of motherly ladies who never would attract stage-door "Johnnies"—even if those mythical individuals existed—the agent was commended as an artist sure to climb to the head of his profession.

In the big cities the advance agent meets fierce competition, and he must needs be alert. It is here that the man of resource counts. Only the best "stuff" can get into the papers, of course, and he must see that his is the nearest to real live news. One agent, who was in despair owing to his failure to get any advertising that had not been paid for, found himself in a big Western city with his attraction playing to strong competition and something desperately needed to attract public attention to his show. In one scene of the play a pair of handcuffs figured. The agent had an inspiration. He had the star snap the handcuffs on her wrist, and then the agent concealed the key, saying it had been lost. The star was compelled to finish the act, wearing the handcuff dangling from her wrist. The audience knew it should not be there, and comment was aroused. Between the next two acts the agent drove the actress swiftly to police headquarters, near at hand. The police captain was mysteriously called out. He was informed that the actress must have the handcuff removed at once and secretly, as she did not wish news of her predicament to get out. The chief brought out a big bunch of keys and finally the handcuffs were removed, but not until a dozen alert reporters had snuffed a "story," and were plying the reluctant press agent with questions. Finally the whole story was pumped out of the agent, the star

having returned to finish the play. Next morning the first page of every local newspaper had a fine story, descriptive of the plight of the actress who had accidentally fastened handcuffs to her wrist. The public was interested and flocked to see the play, and the resourceful agent went on to the next town, wondering what new thing he could spring on the sensation-lovers there.

The theatrical press agent cannot be blamed for his duplicity. He is merely obeying orders from a management that stops at nothing when box-office returns can be swelled. Nothing is too sacred for modern managers to give to the press, and the stars never seem to be hurt at what appears. The average successful business man would never think of printing pictures of his bedroom, or of giving the press high-flown interviews, thought out and written by his stenographer or his private secretary. It is only the overweening vanity of the average actor that permits the press agent to purvey his sensationalism. No other profession in the world thrives so completely on the wind-pudding of self-adulation, and

consequently there is no other profession in the world that so dearly loves to see itself in the colored Sunday supplement. Public attention has been bestowed on him until the modern actor thinks the public must know of his slightest affairs. Hours that should be consumed in studying the art of acting are spent in devising ways and means to give the press agent material for personal stories in the newspapers, or in absorbing such stories when they have appeared. The result is, the actor, who hardly dared lift his head above the ordinary tramp in Elizabethan days, has now come to consider himself a centre of attraction off the stage as well as on. And apparently the press agent must go on playing his part.

The day has forever gone when the players will be content with a Punchinello to stand in front of the booth and draw attention by beating an honest drum. Not until actors lose their vanity and managers lose their cupidity will the press agent be anything but the showiest trickster in an age that puts advertising first and merit second.

Stephen Phillips

BY HARRIET C. BLISS

WEAVE him a wreath from the myrtle of Keats,
Toss him his wand from a Stratford hedge,
Asphodel brought in Ionian fleets
Steal for his mantle's edge.

Make him a casket of borrowed gems,
Grant him a seat on another's throne.
*A fig for your motley diadems
When a prince comes into his own!*

The Memoirs of Etienne Gerard

BY CHARLTON ANDREWS

How Brigadier Gerard was Dragged Back Out of Gascony

MY friends, I admit that in September, 1903, I solemnly promised to tell you no more stories: now it is December, 1904—little more than a year later—and, behold! I have burst into print again. Well, it is a fitting exemplification of the old idea that true merit gains a sure reward in whatever field it enters. I, Etienne Gerard, who have so often heard the well-deserved plaudits and acclaim of the whole Grand Army as I have galloped back from some particularly heroic exploit, across a blood-soaked field and through a hail of murderous lead, and so have been incited to newer and even more spectacular bravery—I, Etienne Gerard, have heard the unceasing outcry of the public, fairly clamoring for further anecdotal effort on my part, and, pursuant on the gallant generosity which has ever guided my life, I have yielded. And yet, my friends, I will freely confess that it has been no small sacrifice to leave my beloved Gascony and come here to this melancholy old café—for a time, indeed, I seriously considered telling the new volume of tales into a phonograph, and so saving the journey. But I am here now—for a very good reason—and, if you have nothing else to do for eight or ten days, I would beg of you that you come regularly while I work off on you this third batch,—for it is

“positively my last appearance,” as Adelina Patti used to say in the early '70's.

To begin with, I will tell you just how it is I have been induced once more to take up the story-teller's art, in which, as in all other fields of activity, I have been such a consummate success. My friends, do not be alarmed at the statement, but I must confess to you that I am dead. Yes, Etienne Gerard, that great and noble soul, that model of gallantry, grace, and valor, that mainstay of France and the Emperor,—Etienne Gerard, I say, has passed to his fitting reward. (No, Sir Arthur did not kill me: his one great murder proved too much for him.) All good Americans, when they die, it is said, go to Paris. Which is very proper, since it is here they may catch an occasional glimpse of me, the great, heroic brigadier, and so be fully recompensed for lives of misery in that vast Backwoods. And all good Gascons, when they die, return to Gascony. The noble Etienne Gerard having so artistically spun two splendid volumes of yarns, and being in his one hundred and thirty-seventh year, retired into Gascony, where he presently died, not, however, until he had found those most fitting of companions, d'Artagnan and Cyrano de Bergerac. And, ah, what a triumvirate they make, those three!

seated at evening on the green bank of La Dordogne, and weaving iliads of personal adventure that would make Homer look like a worn and faded two-spot in a fresh pinochle deck! There, while the little brown goatherd drives home his winding flock, guided by the smoke curling upward from the fire of peat on his own rude hearth, do we while away the pleasant hour while you, my friends, are holding down these café chairs and endeavoring to stimulate your jaded appetites with Quinquina Dubonnet.

You must pardon the garrulity of an old man: but, freed at last from all earthly cares, situated there in my beloved Gascony, favored with such superb companions, and enabled to fly at will to where the Emperor and all his Marshals, to say nothing of my Hussars, in memory fight over the old campaigns, it is no wonder that neither clamoring public nor yammering publishers (with such fabulous promises as even twenty-five dollars a word) could draw me out of my well-merited contentment. But listen, my friends: they made use of a successful ruse at last,—they sent one to me, who presently brought me out of Gascony on the jump, and who (for dramatic effect) shall (in this paragraph) be nameless.

The coming of this man, who, let me say, is also of the spirit world, was made necessary by Chance: de Bergerac, who, ever since the log struck him on the head, has been quite forgetful, one morning missed the original manuscript of that ballade he worked off as extemporaneous the day of the duel at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. (Perhaps I may as well inform you here that Cyrano, for all his admirable qualities, is as arrant a fakir as ever breathed; and d'Artagnan himself is full of braggadocio and wholly unreliable. Alas that these things should be thus! but Etienne Gerard has ever

found them so.) Now a great search was instantly instituted without avail, and presently it became obvious that, if we were to continue hopeful, we must at once send for—Sherlock Holmes.

Holmes came, the arrogant, underhanded, conceited trickster, full of his aggravating self-aggrandizement and, more through luck than any cleverness of his own, I assure you, found the ballade—in the inside pocket of Cyrano's doublet, where the latter had put it. Of the insignificant process of deduction by which the grand-stand-playing detective arrived at this result, I will say nothing: generously enough, I will not even mention the fact that Holmes's methods are ever pure charlatanism—how on earth he has ever scraped up his present notoriety is more than I can explain! But of the splendid part which Etienne Gerard subsequently played in the adventures of that memorable day I will speak briefly and to the point.

Hardly had Holmes presented de Bergerac with the document, when there appeared on the horizon a regiment of diversely armed and mounted men, who swept up at a thundering pace and, halting within a hundred yards of us four, sent out a herald in our direction. And ah, my friends, what a regiment it proved to be when we had scrutinized it closely! For officers it had such heroes as Hugh Capet, Richelieu, Charles the Bold, Henri Quatre, Saint Louis, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and that best man of them all, Jeanne d'Arc. And in the ranks I beheld with my own eyes Robert le Diable, the Constable Bourbon, François de Guise, his enemy Coligny, and hundreds of other heroes—all, practically speaking, French, but, as we presently determined, our temporary enemies. Their herald—it was Toison d'Or—so peremptorily demanded our immediate entrance into the ranks of his regiment that we, as

good Gascons spoiling for a fight, could not but take offence. Our attitude precipitated an instant mêlée in which the havoc of earthly warfare was far surpassed. Be it known, my friends, that when a shade loses a head or a limb in combat, it is really no great loss since he has no blood to lose, and since by merely replacing the detached member his astral body becomes once more intact. However, the rules of spectral warfare require that a combatant so injured shall remain passive during the remainder of the battle. So it was that, charging the regiment and slashing out dauntlessly, we three had soon strewn the field with the helpless.

Of the part Etienne Gerard played in that conflict, suffice it to say that, as in the days of the Emperor's prime, his strong arm and valiant sword were everywhere, hewing down the foemen by scores, and furnishing such an example as his two doughty, though comparatively insignificant, allies could not but imitate. Ah, my friends, I felt that it was the crowning day of my career, as I beheld kings and commanders fall by the wagon-load beneath my trusty blade, knowing that the spectral majority of my Hussars were looking on with uncontrollable admiration for their glorious leader!

When all were finished save two—the Comte de Guiche and Richelieu's *âme damnée*, with whom Cyrano and

d'Artagnan were joyfully dealing—I turned back to where Sherlock Holmes still stood, a spectator. Perhaps there was a slight, but extremely pardonable, trace of pride in my tone, as I exclaimed: "At all events, my clever friend, *there* is a superb consummation which all the deduction in the world could not bring about; one could never dispose of such a cohort by the spectacular smashing of a lamp and the juggling of a cigar!"

And then this nery fellow merely smiled his dry, exasperating, supernatural smile, as he replied: "Don't plume yourself, my dear Gerard; it will avail you nothing, no one will ever hear of the matter, while my simple and less strenuous efforts will be duly chronicled and spread abroad—remember *I* do not tell my own story, and Dr. Watson is still alive!"

My friends, it was like a blow in the face! Exhausted by my herculean exploits, I fainted: when I revived Holmes had gone. And at the earliest possible moment I secured leave of absence from headquarters and came to seek you, determined that no mere finite barrier should give that mountebank English detective the advantage over Etienne Gerard. No, my friends, it was not the twenty-five dollars a word that lured me forth; it was merely my resolute honor, courage, and general superiority righteously asserting themselves!

Remembrance

BY ARTHUR GIBSON HULL

THOUGH perfume and the burgeoned grace,
For which I yearn,
Shall to the hollow of this vase
No more return;
Still clasp I, in a close embrace,
The empty urn.

A Moral Tale

BY CAROLYN WELLS

S AID Santa Claus, " 'Tis Christmas Eve "
(The animals looked pleasant),
" And each of you will now receive
His yearly Christmas present.
But I'd be glad if every guest
Would mention what he'd like the best."

The Tapir said, " That pleases me,
I'll state succinctly, therefore,
If I may be so bold and free,—
The only thing I care for
Would be those matches on the shelf,
With which I'd like to light myself."

His wish was granted. Then upspoke
A timid little Adder,
" Sir, but a trifle it will take
To make *my* Christmas gladder;
A slate and pencil, if you please,
Would let me do my sums with ease."

The Reindeer said, " You may believe
I'd be a happy fellow,
If I were sure I would receive
A good-sized umberellow;
And also, I'd like four goloshi-
Es and a rubber mackintosh."

The Pig a fountain pen desired;
The Cow, tin horns requested;
The Horse, for a new hat acquired,
His gratitude attested.
The Caterpillar said, " I am
Proud of my caterpillarsham."

So all of them were gay and glad,
And they were happy, very;
They liked the presents that they had,
And waxed exceeding merry.
Dear Humans, at your Christmas feasts,
Pray take a lesson from the beasts.

The Bishop's Carriage

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON

III

OH, Mag, Mag, for Heaven's sake, let me talk to you! No, don't say anything. You must let me tell you. No—don't call the other girls. I can't bear to tell this to anybody but you.

You know how I kicked when Tom hit on Latimer's as the place we were to scuttle. And the harder I kicked the stubbornner he got, till he swore he'd do the job without me if I wouldn't come along. Well—this is the rest of it.

The house, you know, stands at the end of the street. If you could walk through the garden with the iron fence you'd come right down the bluff on to the docks and out into East River. Tom and I came up to it from the docks last night. It was dark and wet, you remember. The mud was thick on my trousers—Nance Olden's a boy every time when it comes to doing business.

"We'll blow it all in, Tom," I said, as we climbed. "We'll spend a week at the Waldorf, and then, Tom Dorgan, we'll go to Paris. I want a red coat and hat with chinchilla, like that dear one I lost, and a low-neck satin gown, and a silk petticoat with lace, and a chain with rhinestones and—"

"Just wait, Sis, till you get out of this. And keep still."

"I can't. I'm so fidgety I must talk or I'll shriek."

"Well, you'll shut up just the same. Do you hear me?"

So I shut up, but my teeth chattered so that Tom stopped at the gate.

"Look here, Nance, are you going to flunk? Say it now—yes or no."

That made me mad. "Tom Dorgan," I said, "I'll bet your own teeth chattered the first time you went in for a thing like this. I'm all right. You'll squeal before I do."

"That's more like. Here's the gate. It's locked. Come, Nance."

With a good, strong swing he boosted me over, handed me the bag of tools and sprang over himself . . . He looked kind o' handsome and fine, my Tom, as he lit square and light on his feet beside me. And because he did, I put my arm in his and gave it a squeeze.

Oh, Mag, it was so funny, going through Latimer's garden! There was the garden table where I had sat reading and thinking he thought me Miss Omar. There was the bench where that beast Moriway sat sneering at me. The wheeled chair was gone. And it was so late everything looked asleep. But something was left behind that made me think I heard Latimer's slow, silken voice—and made me feel cheap—turned inside out like an empty pocket—a dirty, ragged pocket with a seam in it.

"You'll stay here, Nancy, and

watch," Tom whispered. "You'll whistle once if a cop comes inside the gate, but not before he's inside the gate. Don't whistle too soon—mind that—nor too loud. I'll hear ye all right. And I'll whistle just once if—anything happens. Then you run—hear me? Run like the devil—"

"Tommy—"

"Well, what?"

"Nothing—all right." I wanted to say good by—but you know Tom.

Mag, were you ever where you oughtn't be at midnight—alone? No, I know you weren't. 'Twas your ugly little face and your hair that saved you—the red hair we used to guy so at the Cruelty. I can see you now—a freckle-faced, thin little devil, with the tangled hair to the very edge of your ragged skirt, yanked in that first day to the Cruelty when the neighbors complained your crying wouldn't let 'em sleep nights. The old woman had just locked you in there, hadn't she, to starve when she lit out. Mothers are queer, ain't they, when they are queer? I never remember mine.

Yes, I'll go on.

I stood it all right for a time, out there alone in the night. But I never was one to wait patiently. I can't wait—it isn't in me. But there I had to stand and just—God!—just wait.

If I hadn't waited so hard at the very first I wouldn't 'a given out so soon. But I stood so still and listened so terribly hard that the trees began to whisper and the bushes to crack and creep. I heard things in my head and ears that weren't sounding anywhere else. And all of a sudden—tramp, tramp, tramp—I heard the cop's footsteps.

He stopped over there by the swinging electric light over the gate. I crouched down behind the iron bench.

And my coat caught a twig on a bush and its crack-ck was like a yell.

I thought I'd die. I thought I'd

scream. I thought I'd run. I thought I'd faint. But I didn't—for there asleep on a rug, that some one had forgotten to take in, was the house cat. I gave her a quick slap, and she flew out and across the path like a flash.

The cop watched her, his hand on the gate, and passed on.

Mag Monahan, if Tom had come out that minute without a bean and gone home with me, I'd been so relieved I'd never have tried again. But he didn't come. Nothing happened. Nights and nights and nights went by, and the stillness began to sound again. My throat went choking mad. I began to shiver, and I reached for the rug the cat had lain on.

Funny, how some things strike you! This was Latimer's rug. I had noticed it that evening—a warm, soft mottled green that looked like silk and fur mixed. I could see the way his long, white hands looked on it, and as I touched it I could hear his voice—

*Oh Thou who man of baser earth didst
make
And ev'n with paradise devised the
snake,
For all the sin wherewith the face of
man
Is blackened—man's forgiveness give
—and take!*

Ever hear a man like that say a think like that? No? Well, it's—it's different. It's as if the river had spoken—or a tree—it's so—it's so different.

That saved me—that verse that I remembered. I said it over and over and over again to myself. I fitted it to the ferry whistles on the bay—to the cop's steps as they passed again—to the roar of the L-train and the jangling of the surface cars.

And right in the middle of it—every drop of blood in my body seemed to leak out of me, and then come rush-

ing back to my head—I heard Tom's whistle.

Oh, it's easy to say "run," and I really meant it when I promised Tom. But you see I hadn't heard that whistle then. When it came it changed everything. It set the devil in me loose. I felt as if the world was tearing something of mine away from me. Stand for it? Not Nance Olden.

I did run—but it was toward the house. That whistle may have meant "Go!" To me it yelled, "Come!"

I got in through the window Tom had left open. The place was still quiet. Nobody inside had heard that whistle so far as I could tell.

I crept along—the carpets were thick and soft and silky as the rug I'd had my hands buried in to keep 'em warm.

Along a long hall and through a great room, whose walls were thick with books, I was making for a light I could see at the back of the house. That's where Tom Dorgan must be and where I must be to find out—to know.

With my hands out in front of me I hurried, but softly, and just as I had reached the portieres below which the light streamed, my arms closed about a thing—cold as marble, naked—I thought it was a dead body upright there, and with a cry, I pitched forward through the curtains into the lighted room.

"Nance!—You devil!"

You recognize it? Yep, it was Tom. Big Tom Dorgan, at the foot of Latimer's bed, his hands above his head, and Latimer's gun aimed right at his heart.

Think of the pluck of that cripple, will you?

His eyes turned on me for just a second, and then fixed themselves again on Tom. But his voice went straight at me, all right.

"You are something of a thankless

devil, I must admit, Miss—Omar," he said.

I didn't say anything. You don't say things in answer to things like that. You feel 'em.

Ashamed? What do I care for a man with a voice like that! . . . But you should have heard how Tom's growl sounded after it.

"Why the hell didn't you light out?"

"I couldn't, Tom. I just—couldn't," I sobbed.

"There seems invariably to be a misunderstanding of signals where Miss Omar is concerned. Also a disposition to use strong language in the lady's presence. Don't you, young man!"

"Don't you call me Miss Omar!" I blazed, stamping my foot.

He laughed, a contemptuous laugh.

I could have killed him then, I hated him so. At least, I thought I could; but just then Tom sent a spark out of the corner of his eye to me that meant—it meant . . .

You know, Mag, what it would have meant to Latimer if I had done what Tom's eye said.

I thought at first I had done it—it passed through my mind so quick; the sweet words I'd say—the move I'd make—the quick knocking-up of the pistol, and then—

It was that—that sight of Tom, big Tom Dorgan, with rage in his heart and death in his hand, leaping on that cripple's body—it made me sick!

I stood there gasping—stood a moment too long. For the curtains were pushed aside, and Burnett, Latimer's servant, and the cop came in.

Tom didn't fight; he's no fool to waste himself.

But I—well, never mind about me. I caught a glimpse of a crazy white face on a boy's body in the great glass opposite and heard my own voice break into something I'd never heard before.

Tom stood at last with the handcuffs on. "It's your own fault, you damned little chump!" he said to me, as they went out.

You lie, Mag Monahan, he's no such thing! He may be a hard man to live with, but he's mine—my Tom—my Tom! . . .

What? Latimer?

Well, do you know, it's funny about him. He'd told the cop that I'd peached—peached on Tom! So they went off without me.

Why?

That's what he said himself when we were alone.

"In order to insure for myself another of your most interesting visits, I suppose, Miss—not Omar? All right . . . Tell me, can I do nothing for you? Aren't you sick of this sort of life?"

"Get Tom out of jail."

He shook his head. "I'm too good a friend of yours to do you such a turn."

"I don't want any friend that isn't Tom's."

He threw the pistol from him and pulled himself up, till he sat looking at me.

"In Heaven's name, what can you see in a fellow like that?"

"What's that to you?" I turned to go.

"To me? Things of that sort are nothing, of course, to me—me, that 'luckless pot He marred in making.' But, tell me—can a girl like you tell the truth? What made you hesitate when that fellow told you with his eyes to murder me?"

"How did you know?"

"How? The glass. See over yonder. I could watch every expression on both your faces. What was it—what was it, child, that made you—Oh, if you owe me a single heart-beat of gratitude, tell me the truth!"

"You've said it yourself."

"What?"

"That line we read the other night about 'the luckless pot.'"

His face went gray and he fell back on his pillows. The strenuous life we'd been leading him, Tom and I, was too much for him, I guess.

Do you know I really felt sorry I'd said it. But he is a cripple. Did he expect me to say he was big and strong and dashing—like Tom?

I left him there and got out and away. But do you know what I saw, Mag, beside his bed, just as Burnett came to put me out?

My old blue coat with the buttons—the bell-boy's coat I'd left in the housekeeper's room when I borrowed her Sunday rig. The coat was hanging over a chair, and right by it, on a table, was that big book with a picture covering every page, still open at that verse about—

Through this same garden—and for one in vain.

IV.

No—no—no! No more whining from Nance Olden. Listen what I've got to tell you, Mag, listen!

You know where I was coming from yesterday when I passed Troyon's window and grinned up at you, sitting there, framed in bottles of hair tonic, with all that red wig of yours streaming about you?

Yep, from that little, rat-eyed lawyer's office. I was glum as mud. I felt as though Tom and myself were both flies caught by the leg—he by the law and I by the lawyer—in a sticky mess; and the more we flapped our wings and struggled and pulled, the more we hurt and tore ourselves, and the sooner we'd have to give it up.

Oh, that weazen-faced little lawyer that lives on the Tom Dorgans and the

Nance Oldens, who don't know which way to turn to get the money. He looks at me out of his red little eyes and measures in dollars what I'd do for Tom. And then he sets his price a notch higher than that.

When I passed the big department store, next to Troyon's, I was thinking of this, and I turned in there, just aching for some of the boodle that flaunts itself in a poor girl's face when she's desperate, from every silk and satin rag, from every lace and jewel in the place.

The funny part of it is that I didn't want it for myself, but for Tom. 'Pon my soul, Mag, though, I would have filled my arms with everything I saw, I wouldn't have put on one thing of all the duds; just hiked off to soak 'em and pay the lawyer. I might have been old and ugly and rich as the yollow-skinned woman opposite me was, who was turning over laces on the middle counter, for all these things meant to me—with Tom in jail.

I was thinking this as I looked at her, when all at once I saw—

You know it takes a pretty quick touch, sharp eyes and good nerve to get away with the goods in a big shop like that. Or it takes something altogether different. It was the different way she did it. She took up the piece of lace—it was a big collar, fine like a cobweb picture in threads,—you can guess what it must have been worth if that old sinner, Mother Douty, gave me \$15 for it. She took it up in a quick, eager way, as though she'd found just what she wanted. Then she took out a lace sample from her gold-linked purse and held them both up close to her blinky little eyes, looking at it through a gold lorgnette with emeralds in the handle; pulling it and feeling it with the air of one who knows a fine thing when she sees it, and just what makes it fine. Then she rustled off to the door to ex-

amine it closely in the light, and—Mag Monahan, she walked right out with it!

At least, she'd got beyond the inner doors when I tapped her on the shoulder. "I beg pardon, madam." My best style, Mag.

She pulled herself up haughtily and blinked at me. She was a little, thin mummy of a woman, just wrapped away in silks and velvets, but on the inside of that nervous old little body of hers there must have been some spring of good material that wasn't all unwound yet.

She stood blinking at me without a word.

"That lace. You haven't paid for it," I said.

Her short-sighted eyes fell from my face to the collar she held in her hand. Her yellow face grew ghastly.

"O mercy! You—you don't—"

"I am a detective for the store, and—"

"But—"

"Sh! We don't like any noise made about these things, and you yourself wouldn't enjoy—"

"Do you know who I am, young woman?" She fumbled in her satchel and passed a card to me.

Glory be! Guess, Mag. Oh, you'd never guess, you dear old Mag! Besides, you haven't got the acquaintance in high society that Nance Olden can boast.

MRS. MILLS D. VAN WAGENEN

Oh—Mag! Shame on you not to know the name even of the bishop of the great state of—yes, the lean, short little bishop with a little white beard, and the softest eye and the softest heart and—my very own bishop, Nancy Olden's bishop. And this was his wife.

Tut—tut, Mag! Of course not. A bishop's wife may be a kleptomaniac; it's only Cruelty girls that really steal from stores.

"I've met the Bishop, Mrs. Van Wagenen." I didn't say how—she wouldn't appreciate that story. "And he was once very kind to me. But he would be the first to tell me to do my duty now. I'll do it as quietly as I can for his sake. But you must come with me or I must arrest—"

She put up a shaking hand. Dear little old guy!

"Don't—don't say it! It's all a mistake, which can be rectified in a moment. I've been trying to match this piece of lace for years. I got it at Malta when—when Mills and I—on our honeymoon. When I saw it there on the counter I was so delighted—I never thought—I intended taking it to the light to be sure the pattern was the same, my eyesight is so wretched—and when you spoke to me it was the first inkling I had that I had really taken it without paying! You certainly understand," she pleaded, agitatedly. "I have no need to steal—you must know that—oh, that I wouldn't—that I couldn't—. If you will just let me pay you—"

Here now, Mag Monahan, don't you get to sneering. She was straight. Right on the level, all right. You couldn't listen to that cracked little voice of hers a minute without being sure of it.

I was just about to graciously permit her to pay me the money,—for my friend, the dear Bishop's sake, of course,—when a big floor-walker happened to catch sight of us.

"If you'll come with me, Mrs. Van Wagenen, to a dressing-room, I'll arrange your collar for you," I said, very loud. And then, in a whisper, "Of course, I understand, but the thing may look different to other people. And that big floor-walker there gets a

commission from the newspapers every time he tells them—"

She gave a squawk for all the world like a dried-up little hen scuttling out of a yellow dog's way, and we took the elevator to the second floor.

The minute I closed the door of the little fitting-room on us she held out the lace to me.

"I have changed my mind," she said, "and will give you the lace back. I will not keep it. I can not—I can not bear the sight of it. It terrifies me and shocks me. I can take no pleasure in it. Besides—besides it will be discipline for me to do without it now that I have found it after all these years. Every day I shall look at the place in my collection which it would have occupied, and I will say to myself: 'Maria Van Wagenen, take warning. See to what terrible straits a worldly passion may bring one; what unconscious greed may do!' I will give the money to Mills for charity and I will never—never fill that place in my collection."

"What good will that do?" I asked, puzzled, while I folded the collar up into a very small package.

"You mean that I ought to submit to the exposure—that I deserve the lesson and the punishment—not for stealing, but for being absorbed in worldly things. Perhaps you are right. It certainly shows that you have at some time been under Mills' spiritual care, my dear. I wonder if he would insist—whether I ought—yes, I suppose he would. Oh!"

A saleswoman's head was thrust in the door. "Excuse me," she said, "I thought the room was empty."

"We've just finished trying on," I said, sweetly.

"Don't go!" The Bishop's wife turned to her, her little fluttering hands held out appealingly. "And do not misunderstand me. The thing may seem wrong in your eyes, as this young woman says, but if you will listen pa-

tiently to my explanation, I am sure you will see that it was a mere eager oversight—the fault of absent-mindedness, hardly the sin of covetousness, and surely not a crime. I am making this confession—”

The tender conscience of the dear, blameless little soul! She was actually giving herself away. Worse—she was giving me away, too. But I couldn't stand that. I saw the saleswoman's puzzled face—she was a tall woman with a big bust, big hips and the big head all right, and she wore her long-train black rig for all the world like a Cruelty girl who had stolen the matron's skirt to “play lady” in. I got behind little Mrs. Bishop, and looking out over her head, I tapped my forehead significantly.

The saleswoman tumbled. That was all right. But so did the Bishop's wife. For she turned and caught me at it.

“You shall not save me from myself and what I deserve,” she cried. “I am perfectly sane and you know it, and you are doing me no favor in trying to create the contrary impression. I demand an—”

“An interview with the manager,” I interrupted. “I'm sure Mrs. Van Wagenen can see the manager? Just go with the lady, Mrs. Van Wagenen, and I'll follow with the goods.”

She did it meek as a lamb, talking all the time, but never beginning at the beginning—luckily for me. So that I had time to slip from one dressing-room to the next, with the lace up my sleeve, out to the elevator, and down into the street.

D'ye know what heaven must be, Mag? A place where you always get away with the swag, and where it's always just the minute after you've made a killing.

Cocky? Well, I should say I was. I was drunk enough with success to take big chances. And just while I was

wishing for something really big to tackle, it came along in the shape of that big floor-walker!

He was without a hat, and his eyes looked fifty ways at once. But you've got to look fifty-one if you want to catch Nance Olden. I ran up the stairs of the first flat-house and rang the bell. And as I sailed up in the elevator I saw the big floor-walker hurry past; he'd lost the scent.

The boy let me off at the top floor, and after the elevator had gone down I walked up to the roof. It was fine way up there, so still and high, with the lights coming out down in the town. And I took out my pretty lace collar and put it around my neck, wishing I could keep it and wishing that I had, at least, a glass to see myself in it just once, when my eye caught the window of the next house.

It would do for a mirror all right, for the dark green shade was down. But at sight of the shade blowing in the wind I forgot all about the collar.

It's this way, Mag, when they press you too far; and that little rat of a lawyer had got me most to the wall. I looked at the window, measuring the little climb it would be for me to get to it,—the house next door was just one story higher than the one where I was, so its top story was on the level with the roof nearly where I stood. And I made up my mind to get what would let Tom off easy, or break into jail myself.

And so I didn't care much what I might fall into through that window. And perhaps because I didn't care, I slipped into a dark hall, and not a thing stirred; not a foot-step creaked. I felt like the Princess—Princess Nancy Olden—come to wake the sleeping beauty; some dude it'd be that would have curly hair like Tom Dorgan, and would wear clothes like my friend Latimer, over in Brooklyn.

Can you see me there, standing on

one leg like a stork, ready to lie or to fly at the first sound?

Well, the first sound didn't come. Neither did the second. In fact, none of 'em came unless I made 'em myself.

Softly as Molly goes when the baby's just dropped off to sleep, I walked toward an open door. It was a parlor, smelly with tobacco, and with lots of papers and books around. And nary a he-beauty—nor any other kind.

I tried the door of a room next to it. A bedroom. But no Beauty.

Silly! Don't you tumble yet? It was a bachelor's apartment, and the Bachelor Beauty was out, and Princess Nancy had the place all to herself.

I suppose I really ought to have left my card—or he wouldn't know who had waked him—but I hadn't intended to go calling when I left home. So I thought I'd look for one of his as a souvenir—and anything else of his I could make use of.

There were shirts I'd liked for Tom, dandy colored ones, and suits with checks in 'em, and without. But I wanted something easy and small and flat, made of crackly printed yellow or green paper, with numbers on it.

How did I know he had anything like that? Why, Mag, Mag Monahan, one would think you belonged to the Bishop's set, you're so simple!

I had to turn on the electric light after a bit—it got so dark. And I don't like light in other people's houses when they're not at home, and neither am I. But there was nothing in the bedroom except some pearl studs. I got those and then went back to the parlor.

The desk caught my eye. Oh, Mag, it had the loveliest pictures on it; pictures of swell actresses and dancers. It was mahogany, with lots of little drawers and two curvy side boxes. I pulled open all the drawers. They were full of papers all right, but they were

printed, cut from newspapers, and all about theaters.

"You can't feed things like this, Nance, to that shark of a lawyer," I said to myself, pushing the box on the side impatiently.

And then I giggled outright.

Why?

Just 'cause—I had pushed that side box till it swung aside on hinges I didn't know about, and there, in a little secret nest, was a pile of those same crisp, crinkly paper things I'd been looking for.

20—40—60—110—160—210—260—310!

Three hundred and ten dollars, Mag Monahan. Three hundred and ten, and Nance Olden!

"Glory be!" I whispered.

"Glory be damned!" I heard behind me.

I turned. The bills just leaked out of my hand on to the floor.

The Bachelor Beauty had come home, Mag, and caught the poor Princess napping, instead of her nabbing him.

He wasn't a beauty either. A big, stout fellow with a black mustache. His hand on my shoulder held me tight, but the look in his eyes behind his glasses held me tighter. I threw out my arms over the desk and hid my face.

Caught!

Nancy Olden, with her hands dripping, and not a lie in her smart mouth!

He picked up the bills I had dropped, counted them and put them in his pocket. Then he unhooked a telephone and lifted the stand from his desk.

"Hello! Spring 3100—please. Hello! Chief's office. This is Obermuller, Standard Theater. I want an officer to take charge of a thief I've caught in my apartments here at the Bronsonia. Yes, right on the corner.

Hold him till you come? Well—rather!”

He put down the phone. I pulled the pearl studs out of my pocket.

“You might as well take these too,” I said.

“So thoughtful of you, seeing that you’d be searched! But I’ll take ’em anyway. You intended them for—Him? You didn’t get anything else?”

I shook my head as I lay there.

“Hum!” It was half a laugh, and half a sneer. I hated him for it, as he sat leaning back on the back legs of his chair, his thumbs in his arm holes. I felt his eyes—those smart, keen eyes, burning into my miserable head. I thought of the lawyer and the deal he’d give poor Tom, and all at once—

You’d have sniffled yourself, Mag Monahan. There I was—caught. The cop’d be after me in five minutes. With Tom juggled, and me in stripes—it wasn’t very jolly, and I lost my nerve.

“Ashamed—huh?” he said lightly.

I nodded. I was ashamed.

“Pity you didn’t get ashamed before you broke in here.”

“What the devil was there to be ashamed of?”

The sting in his voice had cured me. I never was a weeper. I sat up, my face blazing, and stared at him. He’d got me to hand over to the cop, but he hadn’t got me to sneer at.

I saw by the look he gave me that he hadn’t really seen me till then.

“Well,” he answered, “what the devil is there to be ashamed of now?”

“Of being caught—that’s what.”

“Oh!”

He tilted back again on his chair and laughed softly. “Then you’re not ashamed of your profession?”

“Are you of yours?”

“Well—there’s a slight difference.”

“Not much, whatever it may be. It’s your graft—it’s everybody’s—to

take all he can get, and keep out of jail. That’s mine, too.”

“But you see I keep out of jail.”

“I see you’re not there—yet.”

“Oh, I think you needn’t worry about that. I’ll keep out, thank you; imprisonment for debt don’t go nowadays.”

“Debt?”

“I’m a theatrical manager, my girl, and I’m not on the inside; which is another way of saying, that a man who can’t swim has fallen overboard.”

“And when you do go down—”

“A little less exultation, my dear, or I might suppose you’d be glad when I do.”

“Well, when you do know yourself going down for the last time, do you mean to tell me you won’t grasp at a straw like—like this?” I indicated the open window, and the desk with all its papers tumbling out.

“Not much.” He shook his head, and bit the end of a cigar with sharp, white teeth. “It’s a fool-graft. I’m self-respecting. And I don’t admire fools . . .” He lit his cigar and puffed a minute, taking out his watch to look at it as cold-bloodedly as though he were waiting, he and I, to go to supper together. Oh, how I hated him! “Honesty is the best policy,” he went on. “It’s the only one. The vain fool that gets it into his head—or shall I say her head? No? Well, no offense, I assure you—his head then, that he’s smarter than a world full of experience, ought to be put in jail—for his own protection; he’s too big a jay to be left out of doors. For five thousand years, more or less, the world has been putting imbeciles like him behind bars, where they can’t make asses of themselves. Yet each year, and every day and every hour, a new ninny is born who fancies he’s cleverer than all his predecessors put together. Talk about suckers! Why, they’re giants of intellect compared to the mentally

lop-sided, that five thousand years of experience can't teach. When the criminal-clown's turn comes, he hops, skips and jumps into the ring with the old, old gag. He thinks it's new, because he himself is so fresh and green. 'Here I am again,' he yells. 'The fellow that'll do you up. Others have tried it. They're dead in jail or under jail-yards. But me—just watch me!' We do, and after a little we put him with his mates with a keeper in a barred kindergarten where fools that can't learn, little moral cripples of both sexes, my dear, belong. Bah!" He puffed out the smoke, throwing his head back, in a cloud toward the ceiling.

I sprang from my seat and faced him. I was tingling all through. I didn't care a rap what became of me for just that minute. I forgot about Tom. I prayed that the cop wouldn't come for a minute yet—but only that I might answer him.

"You're mighty smart, ain't you? You can sit back here and sneer at me, can't you? And feel so big and smart and triumphant? What've you done but catch a girl at her first bungling job! It makes you feel awfully cocky, don't it? 'What a big man am I!' Bah!" I blew the smoke up toward the ceiling from my mouth, with just that satisfied gall that he had had; or rather I pretended to. He let down the front legs of his chair and began to stare at me.

"And you don't know it all, Mr. Manager, not you. Your clown-criminal don't jump into the ring because he's so full of fun he can't stay out. He goes in for the same reason the real clown does—because he gets hungry and thirsty and sleepy and tired like other men, and he's got to fill his stomach and cover his back and get a place to sleep. And it's because your kind gets too much, that my kind gets so little, it has to piece it out with this sort of thing. No, you don't know it

quite all. There's a girl named Nancy Olden that could tell you a lot, smart as you are. She could show you the inside of the Cruelty, where she was put so young, she never knew that children had mothers and fathers, till a red-haired girl named Mag Monahan told her,—and then she was mighty glad she hadn't any. She thought that all little girls were bloodless and dirty, and all little boys were filthy and had black purple marks where their fathers had tried to gouge out their eyes. She thought all women were like the matron who came with a visitor up to the bare room, where we played without toys—the new, dirty, newly-bruised ones of us, and the old, clean, healing ones of us—and said, 'Here, chicks, is a lady who's come to see you. Tell her how happy you are here.' Then Mag's freckled little face, her finger in her mouth, looked up like this. She was always afraid it might be her mother come for her. And the crippled boy jerked himself this way—I used to mimic him, and he'd laugh with the rest of them—over the bare floor. He always hoped for a penny. Sometimes he even got it. And the boy with the gouged eye—he would hold his pants up like this. He had just come in, and there was nothing to fit him. And he'd put his other hand over his bad eye and blink up at her like this. And the littlest boy—Oh, ha! ha! ha!—you ought to have seen that littlest boy. He was in skirts, an old dress they'd given me to wear the first day I came; there were no pants small enough for him. He'd back up into the corner and hide his face—like this—and peep over his shoulder; he had a squint that way, that made his face so funny. See, it makes you laugh yourself. But his body—my God!—it was blue with welts! And me—I'd put the baby down that'd been left on the door-steps of the Cruelty, and I'd waltz up to the lady, the nice, patronizing rich lady,

with her handkerchief to her nose and her lorgnette to her eyes—see, like this. I knew just what graft would work her. I knew what she wanted there. I'd learned. So I'd make her a curtsy like this, and in the piousest, sing-song I'd—"

It was the policeman! I'd forgot while I was talking. I was back—back in the empty garret, at the top of the Cruelty. I could smell the smell of the poor, the dirty, weak, sick poor. I could taste the porridge in the thick little bowls, like those in the bear story Molly tells her kid. I could hear the stifled sobs that wise, poor children give—quiet ones, so they'll not be beaten again. I could feel the night, when strange, deserted, tortured babies lie for the first time in each small white cot, the new ones waking the old with their cries in a nightmare of that that happened before they got to the Cruelty. I could see the world barred over, as I saw it first through the Cruelty's barred windows, and as I must see it again now that—

"You see, you don't know it quite all—yet, Mr. Manager!"

I spat it out at him, and then walked to the cop, my hands ready for the bracelets.

"But there's one thing I do know!" He's a big fellow but quick on his feet, and in a minute he was up and between me and the cop. "And there isn't a theatrical man in all America that knows it quicker than Fred Obermuller, that can detect it sooner and develop it better. And you've got it, girl, you've got it! . . . Officer, take this for your trouble. I couldn't hold the fellow, after all. Never mind which way he went; I'll call up the office and explain."

He shut the door after the cop, and came back to me. I had fallen into a chair. My knees were weak, and I was trembling all over.

"Have you seen the playlet 'Char-

ity' at the Vaudeville?" he roared at me.

I shook my head.

"Well, it's a scene in a foundling asylum. Here's a pass. Go up now and see it. If you hurry you'll get there just in time for that act. Then if you come to me at the office in the morning at ten, I'll give you a chance as one of the Charity girls. Do you want it?"

Mag! Do I want it!

V.

Do you remember Lady Patronesses' Day at the Cruelty, Mag? Remember how the place smelt of cleaning ammonia on the bare floors? Remember the black dresses we all wore, and the white aprons with the little bibs, and the oily sweetness of the matron, and how our faces shone and tingled from the soap, and the rubbing? Remember it all?

Well, who'd 'a thought then that Nance Olden ever would make use of it—on the level, too!

Drop the Cruelty, and tell you about the stage? Why, it's bare boards back there, bare as the Cruelty, but oh, there's something that you don't see, but you feel it—something magic that makes you want to pinch yourself to be sure you're awake. I go 'round there just doped with it; my face, if you could see it, must look like Molly's kid's when she is telling him fairy stories.

I love it, Mag! I love it!

And what do I do? That's what I was trying to tell you about the Cruelty for. It's in a little act that was made for Lady Gray, that there are four Charity girls on the stage, and I'm one of 'em.

Lady Gray? Why, Mag, how can you ever hope to get on if you don't know who's who? How can you expect me to associate with you if you're so

ignorant? Yes—a real lady, as real as the wife of a lord can be. Lord Harold Gray's a sure enough lord, and she's his wife but—but—just the same; that's what she is, in spite of the Gray emeralds and that great Gray rose diamond she wears on the tiniest chain around her scraggy neck. Do you know, Mag Monahan, that this Lady Harold Gray was just a chorus girl—and a sweet chorus it must have been if she sang there!—when she nabbed Lord Harold?

You'd better keep your eye on Nancy Olden, or first thing you know she'll marry the Czar of Russia—or Tom Dorgan, poor fellow, when he gets out! . . . Well, just the same, Mag, if that white-faced, scrawny little creature can be a lady, a girl with ten times her brains, and at least half a dozen times her good looks—Oh, we're not shy on the stage, Mag, about throwing bouquets at ourselves!

Can she act?—Don't be silly, Mag! Can't you see that Obermuller's just hiring her title and playing it in big letters on the bills for all it's worth? She acts the Lady Patroness, come to look at us Charity girls. She comes on, though, looking like a fairy princess. Her dress is just blazing with diamonds. There's the lady's coronet in her hair. Her thin little arms are banded with gold and diamonds, and on her neck—Oh, Mag, Mag, that rose diamond is the color of rose-leaves in a fountain's jet through which the sun is shining. It's long—long as my thumb—I swear it is, Mag—nearly, and it blazes, oh, it blazes—

Well, it blazes dollars into Obermuller's box all right, for the Gray jewels are advertised in the bill with this one at the head of the list, the star of them all.

You see it's this way:—Lord Harold Gray's bankrupt. He's poor as—as Nance Olden. Isn't that funny? But he's got the family jewels all right, to

have as long as he lives. Nary a one can he sell, though, for after his death, they go to the next Lord Gray. So he makes 'em make a living for him, and as they can't go on and exhibit themselves, Lady Gray sports 'em—and draws down two hundred dollars a week.

Yep—two hundred.

But do you know it isn't the two hundred dollars a week that makes me envy her till I'm sick; it's that rose diamond. If you could only see it, Mag, you'd sympathize with me, and understand why my fingers just itched for it the first night I saw her come on.

'Pon my soul, Mag, the sight of it blazing on her neck dazzled me so that it shut out all the staring audience that first night, and I even forgot to have stage fright.

"What's doped you, Olden?" Obermuller asked when the curtain went down, and we all hurried to the wings.

I was in the black dress with the white-bibbed apron, and I looked up at him still dazed by the shine of that diamond and my longing for it. You'd almost kill with your own hands for a diamond like that, Mag!

"Doped? Why—what didn't I do?" I asked him.

"That's just it," he said, looking at me curiously, but I could feel his disappointment in me. "You didn't do anything—not a blasted thing more than you were told to do. The world's full of supers that can do that."

For just a minute I forgot the diamond. "Then—it's a mistake? You were wrong and—and I can't be an actress?"

He threw back his head before he answered, puffing a mouthful of smoke up at the ceiling, as he did the night he caught me. The gesture itself seemed to remind him of what had made him think in the first place he could make an actress of me. For he laughed down at me, and I saw he remembered.

"Well," he said, "we'll wait and see. . . . I was mistaken, though, sure enough, about one thing that night."

I looked up at him.

"You're a darn sight prettier than I thought you were. The gold brick you sold me isn't all—"

He put out his hand to touch my chin. I side-stepped, and he turned laughing to the stage.

But he called after me. "Is a beauty success going to content you, Olden?"

"Well, we'll wait and see," I drawled back at him in his own throaty bass.

Oh, I was drunk, Mag, drunk with thinking about that diamond! I didn't care even to please Obermuller. I just wanted the feel of that diamond in my hand. I wanted it lying on my own neck—the lovely, cool, shining rosy thing. It's like the sunrise, Mag, that beauty stone. It's just a tiny pool of water blushing. It's—

How to get it! How to get away with it! On what we'd get for that diamond, Tom and I—when his time is up—could live for all our lives and whoop it up besides. We could live in Paris, where great grafters live and grafting pays—where, if you've got wit and fifty thousand dollars and happen to be a "darn sight prettier," you can just spin the world around your little finger!

But, do you know, even then I couldn't bear to think of selling the pretty thing? It hurt me to think of anybody having it but just Nance Olden.

But I hadn't got it yet.

Gray has a dressing-room to herself. And on her table,—which is a big box, open end down,—just where the three-sided big mirror can multiply the jewels and make you want 'em three times as bad, her big russia leather, silver-mounted box lies open, while she's dressing and undressing. Other times it's locked tight, and his Lord-

ship himself has it tight in his own right hand, or his Lordship's man Topham has it just as tight.

How to get that diamond! There was a hard nut for Nance Olden's sharp teeth to crack. I only wanted that—never say I'm greedy, Mag—Gray could keep all the rest of the things; the pigeon in rubies and pearls the tiara all in diamonds, the chain of pearls, and the blazing rings, and the waist trimming, all of emeralds and diamond stars. But that diamond, that huge rose diamond, I couldn't, I just couldn't let her have it.

And yet I didn't know the first step to take toward getting it, till Beryl Blackburn helped me out. She's one of the Charities, like me—a tall bleached blonde with a pretty, pale face and gold-gray eyes. And, if you'd believe her, there's not a man in the audience, afternoon or evenings, that isn't dead gone on her.

"Guess who's my latest," she said to me this afternoon, while we four Charities stood in the wings waiting. "Topham—old Topham!"

It all got clear to me then in a minute. "Topham—nothing!" I sneered. "Beryl Bighead, Topham thinks of only one thing—Milady's jewel box. Don't you fool yourself."

"Oh, does he, Miss! Well, just to prove it, he let me try on the rose diamond last night. There!"

"It's easy to say so but I don't see the proof. He'd lose his job so quick it'd make his head spin if he did it."

"Not if he did, but if they knew he did. You'll not tell?"

"Not me. Why would I? I don't believe it, and I wouldn't expect anybody else to. I don't believe you could get Topham to budge from his chair in Gray's dressing-room if you'd—"

"What'll you bet?"

"I'll bet you the biggest box of chocolate creams at Huyler's."

"Done! I'll send for him to-night,

just before Gray and her Lord come, and you see—”

“How’ll I see? Where’ll I be?”

“Well, you be waiting in the little hall, right off Gray’s dressing-room at seven-thirty to-night and—you might as well bring the creams with you.”

Catch on, Mag? At seven-thirty in the evening I was waiting; but not in the little hall off Gray’s dressing-room. I hadn’t gone home at all after the afternoon’s performance—you know we play at three, and again at eight-thirty. I had just hidden me away till the rest were gone, and as soon as the coast was clear I got into Gray’s dressing-room, pushed aside the chintz curtains of the big box that makes her dressing-table—and waited.

Lord, how the hours dragged! I hadn’t had anything to eat since lunch, and it got darker and darker in there, and hot and close and cramped. I put in the time much as I could, thinking of Tom. The very first thing I’d do after cashing in, would be to get up to Sing Sing to see him. I’m crazy to see him. I’d tell him the news, and see if he couldn’t bribe a guard, or plan some scheme with me to get out soon.

Afraid—me? What of? If they found me under that box I’d just give ’em the Beryl story about the bet. How do you know they wouldn’t believe it? . . . Oh, I don’t care, you’ve got to take chances, Mag Monahan, if you go in for big things. And this was big—huge. Do you know how much that diamond’s worth? And do you know how to spend fifty thousand?

I spent it all there—in the box—every penny of it. When I got tired spending money I dozed a bit and, in my dream, spent it over again. And then I waked and tried to fancy new ways of getting rid of it, but my head ached, and my back ached, and my whole body was so strained and cramped that I was on the point of

giving it all up when—that blessed old Topham came in.

He set the big box down with a bang that nearly cracked my head. He turned on the lights, and stood whistling “Tommy Atkins.” And then suddenly there came a soft call, “Topham! Topham!”

I leaned back and bit my fingers till I knew I wouldn’t shriek. The Englishman listened a minute. Then the call came again, and Topham creaked to the door and out.

In a twinkling I was out, too, you bet.

Mag! He hadn’t opened the box at all! There it stood in the middle of the space framed by the three glasses. I pulled at the lid. Locked! I could have screamed with rage. But the sound of his step outside the door sobered me. He was coming back. In a frantic hurry I turned toward the window which I had unlocked when I came in four hours ago. But I hadn’t time to make it. I heard the old fellow’s hand on the door, and I tumbled back into the box in such a rush that the curtains were still waving when he came in.

Slowly he began to place the jewels, one by one, in the order her Ladyship puts them on. We Charity girls had often watched him from the door—he never let one of us put a foot inside. He was method and order itself. He never changed the order in which he lifted the glittering things out, nor the places he put them back in. I put my hand up against the top of the box, tracing the spots where each piece would be lying. Think, Mag, just half an inch between me and quarter of a million!

Oh, I was sore as I lay there! And I wasn’t so cock-sure either that I’d get out of it straight. I tried the Beryl story lots of ways on myself, but somehow, every time I fancied myself telling it to Obermuller it got tangled

up and lay dumb and heavy inside of me.

But at least it would be better to appear of my own will before the old Englishman than be discovered by Lord Gray and his Lady. I had my fingers on the curtains, and in another second I'd been out when—

"Miss Beryl Blackburn's compliments, Mr. Topham, and would you step to the door, as there's something most important she wants to tell you."

Oh, I loved every syllable that call-boy spoke! There was a giggle behind his voice, too; old Topham was the butt of every joke. The first call, that had fooled me, must have been from some giddy girl who wanted to guy the old fellow. She had fooled me all right. But this—this one was the real article.

There was a pause—Topham must be looking about to be sure things were safe. Then he creaked to the door and shut it carefully behind him.

It only took a minute, but in that minute—in that minute, Mag, I had the rose diamond clutched safe in my fingers; I was on the top of the big trunk and out of the window.

Oh, the feel of that beautiful thing in my hand! I'd 'a loved it if it hadn't been worth a penny, but as it was I adored it. I slipped the chain under my collar, and the diamond slid down my neck, and I felt its kiss on my skin. I flew down the black corridor, bumping into scenery and nearly tripping two stage carpenters. But I got to the stage door.

I pulled it open tenderly, cautiously, and turned to shut it after me.

And—

And something held it open in spite of me.

No,—no, Mag, it wasn't a man. It was a memory. It rose up there and hit me right over the heart—the memory of Nancy Olden's happiness, the first time she'd come in this very door, feeling that she actually had a right to

use a stage entrance, feeling that she belonged, she—Nancy—to this wonderland of the stage!

You must never tell Tom, Mag, promise! He wouldn't see. He couldn't understand. I couldn't make him know what I felt any more than I'd dare tell him what I did.

I shut the door.

But not behind me. I shut it on the street and—Mag, I shut forever another door, too; the old door that opens out on Crooked street. With my hand on my heart, that was beating as though it would burst, I flew back again through the black corridor, through the wings and out to Obermuller's office. With both my hands I ripped open the neck of my dress, and pulling the chain with that great diamond hanging to it I broke it with a tug, and threw the whole thing down on the desk in front of him.

"For God's sake!" I yelled, "Don't make it so easy for me to steal!"

I don't know what happened for a minute. I could see his face change half a dozen ways in as many seconds. He took it up in his fingers at last. It swung there at the end of the slender little broken chain like a great drop of shining water, blushing and sparkling and trembling.

His hands trembled, too, and he looked up at last from the diamond to my face.

"It's worth at least fifty thousand, you know—valued at that."

I didn't answer.

He got up and came over to where I had thrown myself on a bench.

"What's the matter, Olden? Don't I pay you enough?"

"I want to see Tom," I begged. "It's so long since he—. He's up at—at—in the country."

"Sing Sing?"

I nodded.

"You poor little devil!"

That finished me. I'm not used to

being pitied. I sobbed and sobbed as though some dam had broken inside of me. You see, Mag, I knew in that minute that I'd been afraid, deathly afraid of Fred Obermuller's face, when it's scornful and sarcastic, and of his voice, when it cuts the flesh of self-conceit off your very bones. And the contrast—well, it was too much for me.

But something came quick to sober me.

It was Gray. She stormed in, followed by Lord Harold and Topham, and half the company.

"The diamond, the rose diamond!" she shrieked. "It's gone! And the carpenters say that new girl Olden came flying from the direction of my dressing-room. I'll hold you responsible—"

"Hush-sh!" Obermuller lifted his hands and nodded over toward me.

"Olden!" she squealed. "Grab her, Topham. I'll bet she stole that diamond, and she can't have got rid of it yet."

Topham jumped toward me, but Obermuller stopped him.

"You'd win only half your bet, my lady," Obermuller said softly. "She did get hold of the Gray Rose, worth fifty thousand dollars, in spite of all your precautions."

The world seemed to fall away from me. I looked up at him. I couldn't believe he'd go back on me.

"And she brought it straight to me, as I had asked her to, and promised to raise her salary if she'd win out. For I knew that unless I proved to you it could be stolen, you'd never agree to hire a detective to watch those things, that'll get us all into trouble some day. Here! Scoot out o' this. It's nearly time for your number."

He passed the diamond over to her, and they all left the office.

So did I; but he held out his hand as I passed. "It goes—that about a raise for you, Olden. Now earn it."

Isn't he white—white clean through, that big fellow Obermuller, Mag?

(To be continued)

Beneath the Mask

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

A POET, false and fickle, weak and vain,
Whose soul, intruding, might his poems stain,
Bent o'er his desk, and in the self-same hour,
Wrote, sealed, and sent beyond recalling power,
Two pages; one to grace a magazine;
One, by a trusting woman to be seen.
She who received the message, only she,
Can know how deep its cruel stabbings were;
While on that page for all the world to see,
He falsely wrote: "I will be true to her!"

The Land of the Basques

BY VANCE THOMPSON

[T was at San Sebastian...there where the flat of the waves pounds ceaselessly the stony roots of the hills...where the black mules, silver-belled, go tinkling down the white roads...where the summer crowd, all pink and blue, lolls under parasols... where the sun is a copper pan by day and the moon, by night, a magic lantern....

A young Basque told me of his race and the mystery of his mountains. Yonder in the uplands of the Guipuzcoa the Basques guarded their herds when the rest of Europe was a wilderness, overrun by fireless and masterless savages. The wise Greeks came and peered at their civilization. Before the Greeks the Phœnicians had come with arts and trade. In those days the Basques dwelt in the plains and held the voluptuous valley of the Guadalquivir. Came the men of Rhodes, came the Phœceans, came the men of Carthage and Hannibal, came the Romans; the Basques drew back into their eternal hills, into the wild chaos of mountain gorge and torrent, the Pyrenees. They took with them their old poesy, their own civilization, their pride of race. Came Goth and Arab and blacker Moor, came Charlemagne, came Napoleon; the good Basque held his own; and to this day his manner of life... patriarchal, pastoral, individual... has persisted. In spite of the tribute he pays to either Spain or France, he is master in his own mountains.

There are neither castes nor classes; the Basques are all *hijodalgos* and therefore all equal; a proud, jealous and mystic race. France has not succeeded in making them French; in Spain they are not Spanish; always they are Basques... the children of the austere mountains and the radiant Southern Sea. They speak a strange language of their own that has been handed down from father to son... from Tharsis, grandson of Noah, they aver. It is a harsh tongue akin to no known language. Their games, their dances, their dramatic performances have come down to them through the centuries; as they were in the time of Sancho the Great they were in the days of Hasdrubal and are to-day.

These things the young Basque told me as we smoked our cigarettes among the blue hortensias, watching the pretty Madrileñas lolling under their sunshades, while the black mules went jangling down the hillside and the sun in the sky was a copper pan.

"I should like to see one of the mystery plays," said I.

"There is no difficulty in that," said my friend, "at Saint Jean de Luz, for example."

"I had rather not cross the frontier," I answered, "what is to be done in Guipuzcoa?"

"Go to Tolosa," he advised.

So I went to Tolosa, where three rivers meet and the gray mountains, rimming the plain, are fantastic sil-

houettes against the sky. 'Tis a grim and tortuous little town of five streets and ten thousand people... a town of old, gray houses with old escutcheons, a convent, a church, factories. It was Saint John's eve. The first vespers were just over. From the church of Santa Maria came as strange a procession as man may see. First the civic chiefs of the town, stately old men promenading their unaccustomed black clothes; then the priests; then the ediles, the *alguazils*, the mace-bearers in red and yellow scarves, the tambourinists; followed the populace... slim women in black, the black mantillas hiding their faces, children, red-sashed mountaineers, hardy laborers, girls from the factories; so chanting canticles they passed... one wild lad waving a naked sword, wreathed with flowers, a symbol of what Basque victory I know not. Slowly the procession wound through the town and back again to the church. And all night and until dawn they danced round the Saint John's fire in the Plaza to the wild music of the *thun-thun* (which is a shallow drum) and the *chistua*, a rustic flute. They danced the Bordon-Dantza. 'Twas done, they told me, in honor of the victory of Beotibar.

"I have forgotten the date," said I.

"It was in 1320," they made answer, "on Saint John's eve, that we drove back the bullies of Navarre."

So you see it is an old story now; but to the Basque, six hundred years is as a day; all night they danced to the glory of Beotibar... it was the dance of naked swords and blood-red flowers and wild cries and the stamping of iron-shod feet on the stone flags of the Plaza. My dreams that night rocked to the rhythm of it.

Saint John's day, June 24; the sun overhead was a brazier in the sky; the heat rolled in waves along the five streets of Tolosa; the little rivers, Arazis and Berastegui and Oria, were

like streams of hot quicksilver; the old women in the doorways were motionless; the little gray asses panted as they went to and fro... flowers on their heads and raw wounds on their hindquarters... bearing paniers and peasants; it was hot in Tolosa. The inn-keeper, a grave and ponderous man, gave me a fowl and beans and famous cider from Hernani; a gray-eyed maid in a red skirt brought up a second bottle of cider; the landlord and I drank to each other... and neither of us was the worse for the drink.

"Tonight, the procession," said he, "these are stirring days in Tolosa... but 'tis always so, every year John the Baptist's day comes round, and today there's the *Prueba de bueyes* out toward the Hernio."

"Ah, father, I should like to see that," said the girl, and her eyes blazed.

"You'll mind the house," the inn-keeper said, "but if the Señor"....

The Señor was willing; in the old Basque's mule-cart he drove out through the Plaza de la Justicia, over the bridge and along the Hernialde road; afterwards he regretted it; far better had he climbed the glorious, gaunt side of the Hernio mountain. The Señor had never seen an ox-trial. On a plateau in the rocky uplands a couple of thousand Basques were gathered... hardy folk, tanned and sun-proof. In the centre of the plateau was a huge rock, weighing about six thousand pounds. It was settled well in place. Hitched to it by long chains, were two yokes of oxen, the lean, small, but sturdy hill-cattle, black or gray. A wild ox-driver goaded them into a fearful attempt to budge the huge rock. Again and again he drove the goad into flank or shoulder or neck, till the gashed bulls rained blood as they strained in the yoke. He was wild with excitement, mad with eagerness, the man; he screamed and sent the iron

into the quivering brutes. Quite as mad, wholly as wild, were the men and women, who cheered him on. In half an hour of this torture the animals did not move the stone an inch; finally one of them went down on his knees, then fell; the onlookers hooted savage disapproval. Other oxen were brought up; again the blood spurted and splashed; the rock moved a little. The betting was keen... silver pieces of ten cents, of twenty cents, even fabulous paper money worth four dollars, were wagered on the event. "Three to one they don't go six inches!"—"Five pesetas!"

Oh, 'twas a merry game and bloody.

Two of the teams had, it seemed, pulled approximately the same; to decide the matter they were chained up to pull against each other. This was the "tug of war." The oxen bent to the yokes, one team pulling east and the other team pulling west, five lengths of log-chain between them. A merry game, I say. I shall not describe it, for your imagination will, doubtless, picture enough of it... the furious rivalry of the two teamsters, the cries, the blows, the goads that sank in to the bone, the laboring beasts, their sides sucking in and out like bellows, the baptism of blood; and, then, the four conquered brutes... two still standing on shaking legs, two gasping out blood and froth on the ground, dragged along in triumph, while the Basque girls, drunk with cruelty, screamed applause.

Enough; too much, perhaps; come up, old mule, jog back, with bells a-jangle, to Tolosa and the inn.

Twilight now. The church of Santa Maria is crowded; through the open doors you can see the flare of the candles, hear the monotone of prayer. Again comes out the strange procession, civic fathers, priests and *alguazils*, drummers and mace-bearers; there are twenty-four more notable figures

... twelve young men in white trousers and white shirts, with great scarlet sashes round their waists, each carrying a club; and twelve girls in black and red. The lads rush ahead of the procession, and at the limits of the square loose salvos of musketry. In a moment they are back at the doors of the church. Crossing their clubs, they form an arch under which the procession marches slowly, while the drums rumble a march-step. Four priests carry the image of Saint John the Baptist. They, too, pass under the arch. With this the lads capture their equivalent maids and follow. Through the old streets, out into the Igaronda meadow, by the river Berastegui; there, in presence of the Mayor and the arch-priest, the twelve couples dance the Bordon-Dantza. It is a dance and it is a ballet and it is a pantomime. There are six figures. First the men advance and defy each other; then they file past swiftly in a fantastic measure; thirdly they invite the girls to dance, and in a dainty pantomime woo them and try to bind them with silken handkerchiefs; in the midst of this gracious love-making, the flutes cry shrilly, and there is a sudden tumult of the drums... ha, the enemy! So the men, waving their sticks, dance out to war. This figure is the attack. There follows the mimicry of war. Last of all comes the triumph. The girls welcome the heroes, and in a sort of wild gallop of love and joy the ballet closes.

'Twas better than bull-trials. The meadow was bright with torches and near the river flamed a huge fire of fagots, giving light; the priests, the people, the *alguazils*, the gilded statue of Saint John cast strange shadows on the dancing group.

Every year in Guipuzcoa and at Saint Jean de Luz, the ancient mystery plays are given on the occasion of the Basque festivals. The theatre is in the open air. It is fenced off from the

plain by green branches. Beneath the stage, as in the old Chester plays, is hell; back, on a raised platform, is heaven; humanity has the centre of the stage. How many of these plays have come down through the years I know not. There is record of over fifteen. The one I saw was the history of Abraham. In its modern version it is greatly mutilated. Indeed, it lasts only three hours, while in its original state it occupied, in the playing, an eternal day. Cut down to twenty thousand verses, it is still long enough. The preparation is laborious. And yet the young men look forward to it as the crown of life. The handsomest, the most agile, the most intelligent young men are selected by the elders. To some tall young mountaineer, strong and slim, with a good voice, the rôle of the hero is allotted; slighter youths are given the women's parts; the rosy shepherd boys are cast for angels; while the wilder lads play the devils or dance and wrestle between acts. For months before the performance the players... herdsmen and shepherds... as they go about their day's work, repeat again and again the verses of their rôles. The mountains echo with Euskarian rhyme. 'Tis Arcady once more, with tinkling sheep-bells, with rustic pipe and verse and song. The verses have come down by word of mouth, for the wise Basques distrust the written word, and guard their masterpieces in memory. The elders teach the young... teach them word and gesture, and supervise the costumes, that nothing go amiss and no disquieting novelty creep in. At last the great, annual day arrives. By estimable good fortune you and I are present and may hear and see... we have stepped back into the fifteenth century, though it is no far cry to the white seashore and the parasols, beneath which society lolls in pink and blue.

Gorgeously garmented, impassive,

haughty, the actors parade the narrow streets of the town and reach the theatre among the trees. The stage is hung with Basque banners, bearing the arms of the provinces and towns. The sunlight flatters them... flatters, too, the rich costumes (purple, gold, plumes, chains, lace) in which the solemn players pose. There are the most extravagant anachronisms... the spoils of Rome and the mediæval ages... of Napoleon's empire and the modern haberdasher, deck these shepherds and herdsmen.

Two colors predominate, blue and red... azure and blood... salvation and sin.

The actors range themselves on either side of the stage. One of them, as in the antique drama, comes forward and declaims a prologue, which sums up the story of the play. The musicians, also on the stage, make faint, veiled music of pipe and drum. And then the play... stately and sonorous strophes, monologues, dialogues, shouted to the sun, to the blue sky, to the trees, to the hushed audience. So far the drama is grave; it has to do with Abraham and his grave affairs. With joy we welcome a sudden inrush of three dancers, brisk lads with plumed tiaras, who mime a scene, half warlike, half religious, and wholly barbarous and Basque; swiftly they vanish through a red door into what Basque inferno I know not, as a blue door opens and a little child in white garments appears. For a moment the child kneels in an ecstasy of prayer and fingers the gold cross on his breast; then he chants a song of his race... for he is the symbol of tradition, of purity, of racial faith and aspiration; but then he is more than that, for in this drama the symbol is twin with reality. Thus, the old man in a plumed hat is Abraham. The jolly fellow in blue and gold is Lot. The younger lad is Ishmael. Those fierce red fellows with crowns are the wicked

kings. The brown-eyed woman in the trailing skirt is Sarah; she who stands yonder, timid and blond, is Uxor, Lot's wife, whose unhappy fate you know. This child, who carries on his shoulder throughout the play a fagot of sacrificial wood, is Isaac; the other child... he in white with the gold cross on his breast... is an angel. The three dancers are Satan, Bulgifer, and Beelzebub, tempters of mankind, who carry off to hell all those who are found dead in red garments.

Intrepidly the action follows the biblical account. We see Abraham present his wife to Pharaoh; we visit the cities of perdition; we see the unhappy Hagar driven forth into the wilderness, and so on, until the scene of the sacrifice of Isaac, which is the climax of the play; in the end Abraham passes through the blue door and mounts the platform of heaven.

Of the people, by the people, and for the people, such native Basque dramas have all the faults and virtues of primitive work. They are incoherent, but no more incoherent than the plays of

Aristophanes or the melodramas of the Surrey Theatre. The humor in them is broad and simple. The moral is as conspicuous as a steeple. It is art of a very primitive kind. And yet it is fascinating in its very crudeness. It hives the soul of a race... this sombre, cruel, pathetic, mysterious race, the roots of which go far back into unknown time.

These shepherds, mountaineers, cowherds, chanting antique strophes to an audience, ten-thousand strong, of folk like themselves, are to me far more interesting than all the *cabotins* who strut on the metropolitan stages. They are of the fifteenth century. They have the virtues and vices of it. Fierce in love, passionate in religion, lovers of gold and blood and prayer, hill-dwellers, who have stared at the setting sun and the mirror of the sea until they are color-drunk as Persians, they are the last splendid racial figures of the European world.

In a little while they, too, will vanish or be absorbed... dusted over like the rest of us with gray equality.

Crippled

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

WHY hast Thou bound my feet,
Then bade me toil ceaselessly after Thee?
How should a thing so broken, incomplete—
Ah, how should I, Lord! plant these faltering feet
Where shifting sands of Earth so baffle me?

*Have I not set thy limits? Who should know,
Better than I, what sloughs I lead thee through?
Mine is the power to hinder—and make free:
Walk thou with me!*

A Hymn for Thanksgiving Day

BY ERNEST NEAL LYON

WE give Thee worship,—on this festal-day,
Remembering Thine all-benignant sway;
Accept our gratitude, we humbly pray,
Eternal Lord!

Thy power thro' human impotence hath wrought,
Thy wisdom our misunderstanding taught,
While harvests golden symbolize Thy thought
Of tender care.

May hope grow confident, as light grows dim,
Until, with multitude and cherubim,
We gather,—singing one triumphal hymn,
Forevermore!

Lines for the Portrait of O—— H——, a Poet

BY WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED

THIS is a Poet, child. Be glad
To learn that Poets are not mad.
Oh, yes, the Poet cuts his hair;
He does not hate the bill of fare.
He does not quaff the Flow-ing Bowl,
His Eye does not in fren-zy roll.
Now would you know by his Cravat
A Poet you were looking at?
You see, my child, there was a time
When every Poet lisped in rhyme,
And when the Crit-ics held in mirth
The Bard who could not prove his birth.
But now that he is not a-fraid
To let us know that he is made
And that he has to learn to scan,
The Poet looks like any man.

The Man and the Book

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

WE are told by the learned and wise that the great mass of people who read at all, read only for the charm of the unravelled tale, and that the story with its little shivers of fear, its complications, and its heroine who goes bravely out into that boggy ground called matrimony, and thus out of the story, with her head tucked safely away on the broad shoulder of Sir Harold of Castlewood Hall, is the sort of thing most likely to run into the hundred thousands and build a country house for its author. "You must stop thinking and put your arms round William's neck," said a certain man of the world to a love-weary maiden, and to stop thinking and drag poor William down with the white arms of a woman is, we may suppose, the easiest way to the end and a certain name in the world.

These things may well be left to the authors, however, and surely they who feed us so generously should know what is best. At any rate, we may let the critics fight out their battles and turn to another fellow.

The man in the street,—he who knows the unravelled tale in the sound of music from lighted houses at night, from lovers walking arm in arm in the park, and from wan, tired faces in the drift of the sidewalks,—the man, in short, who, having much work to do in a short time, has learned the value of the hours given to reading and how to apply the good gleaned to the militant

game of life as he plays it,—this man, believing that the salvation of his soul can be worked out in the shoe business or the meat business or the hardware business, is apt to demand the kind of reading that will make him a better man in his work, and often falls into a habit of depending upon a few close friends among books.

I know a salesman for a wholesale grocery house who carried a volume of Macaulay's Essays in his hand-bag for years because he thought the reading of it on the trains and in the hotels at night helped him to sell soft sugar to Ohio groccerymen; and, as one who keeps faith with a friend and is rewarded by finding the friend strong where he himself is weak, and hopeful where he is cast down, so I can imagine this fellow of sugar and side-meat turning in his hours of weakness to the strong logical mind of the lordly Macaulay for support. I'll warrant he found his Lordship sadly lacking many times; but where is he who has found a friend in the flesh who always feeds his hunger? And what a store of rich meaty sentences he had ever at hand, sentences that came back and said themselves over in his mind in the night time.

Take the case of young Billy Collins, the commercial artist. His friend and room-mate, Aldrich, guessed that knowing a few good books would awaken the sleeping ambition in Collins and make him produce better

work. It began with leaving open books on the table and stopping a moment to cry their praises as Aldrich went out for the evening. This did not seem to work, and so Aldrich took to staying home of an evening and reading aloud. Collins was mightily bored, I'll tell you. He wanted to go and talk to the landlady's daughter. He didn't, though. He walked up and down, smoking his pipe and saying, "Hang the beastly old crew in your books." Aldrich went grimly on night after night, trying stories of adventure, Greek philosophers, biographies, everything, in fact, but stories with landlady's daughters in them. And then one night he found the thing that caught and held the heart of his friend and made him a reader of books, and finally an artist full of earnest love of his work. "The night Billy got the glory," Aldrich would say, lingering over the memory of it, "I wasn't trying for him at all. I just sat there reading alone. I'd lost hope in the dog, and didn't pay any attention when he came in and sat by the fire filling his pipe. It was Robert Louis and 'Will o' the Mill,' and you know how a fellow loves to linger over the sentences and say them aloud. It's like kissing a sweetheart. 'Why don't you read and not mumble that way?' he said, when he had filled his pipe. So I began and went through for him. When I had finished he asked me for the book, put it in his pocket and went out, and that night, after I had been abed for hours, I turned over and saw him sitting there by the fire, his face all lighted up and a look in his eye I hadn't seen before. I didn't say anything. I just rolled over and left him with Robert to watch the fish hanging in the current by the bridge and the people always going downward to the valley."

I might tell you of another case, of a friend of my own. A hot, strong-

headed, silent man, from a family whose men had for generations burned the oil of life at a fierce blaze and gone to their deaths loved of women and with the names of bad men upon them. I can remember my own father telling of them and how they went their hot, handsome ways, careless and unafraid. This friend of mine was the son of one of the worst of these, but lived a quiet, sober, and useful life in the face of much head-shaking and wait-and-see talk among the wisest and best of our home folks. How grimly went the fight, and how in desperation he cast about for an outlet for the fierceness inside him, I knew. One day he came begging to go home for the evening, and when we had dined at a little place in Fourteenth Street we started home in the rain. I grumbled when he asked me to walk the two miles home, but finally consented, and we went off at a round pace. I was troubled about a piece of work on hand, and thought little of the man at my side, only to wonder at the way he covered ground, until as we turned for the last half mile the rain struck us in a wild flood and a fierce glad cry burst from the lips of him striding along, hat in hand, his big face thrust eagerly forward into the storm, the water dripping from his hair, and his eyes under the lights dancing with the excitement of it. Full of the old blood, I thought to myself and shuddered—a shudder that became a glow of admiration when at home over the fire he told me of the fight he had fought and how the battle went with him. Showed me his scars, poor devil, and then mended his battered armor with the man talk till morning. This is not a discussion of what is right or wrong for such a man. He had made a game fight, that is all we need to know, and when the lust of his fathers was strong on him and he was near to the sin he fought against, he would go into his room alone, and over and over

repeat King Henry's cry to the English at Harfleur, "Once more unto the breach, dear friends!" He told me that at such times he forgot even the meaning of the words on his lips, but that the rolling music of them soothed him and at last made him sleep unbeaten. And unbeaten he died, let me add for your curiosity's sake.

It is no difficult thing to find these instances of the way in which men call upon their friends among books in their hour of need. These few my eyes have seen, and only last week a young Chicagoan told me that the combination of words in the title "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" had come into

his mind when he stood trembling outside an office where he had been sent with an important commission, and that they braced him and helped him to carry his plans through. "And," he laughingly told me, "I never have read the story." Americans go naturally to their work like boys going to a foot-ball game, and, although they sometimes give their lives to the making of money, there is much of the music of words in them. Perhaps it is safe to say that in many instances their best work is done under the inspiration drawn from books, whose very titles are lost in the hurry and hubbub of their lives.

The Song of the Wheat

BY ELMER BROWN MASON

BROTHERS, Brothers, 'tis dark down here—
 Brothers, Brothers, O feel the sun,"
 Whispers the wheat beneath our feet,
 In the glow of life begun.

"Brothers, Brothers, the light is good—
 Brothers, Brothers, my sap runs strong,"
 Murmurs each blade by the warm wind swayed,
 In an endless whispering song.

"Brothers, Brothers, I'm fair and strong—
 Brothers, Brothers, I'm crowned with gold,"
 Whispers the wheat with its task complete,
 And the tale of its labors told.

"Brothers, Brothers, the earth was dark ;
 Brothers, Brothers, the world is fair—
 But we struggled on and we gained a crown
 Which each of us may wear."

Women and Bargains

BY NINA R. ALLEN

SHOW me the woman who in her heart of hearts does not delight in a bargain, and I will tell you that she is a dead woman.

I who write this, after having triumphantly passed bargain counters of every description, untempted by ribbons worth twenty-five cents but selling for nineteen, insensible to dimities that had sold for nineteen cents but were offered at six and a fourth cents a yard, and—though I have a weakness for good cooking utensils—blind to the attractions of a copper tea-kettle whose former price was now cut in two, at last fell a victim to a green-and-white wicker chair.

This is how it happened. I asked the price. Eight dollars, replied the shop-keeper. No. It was a ten-dollar chair. But he had said eight. It was a mistake. Nevertheless he would keep his word. I could have it for eight. What heart of woman could resist a bargain like this? Besides, I thought such honesty ought to be encouraged. It is but too uncommon in this wicked world. And—well, I really wanted the chair. How could a woman help wanting it when she found that the salesman had made an error of two dollars? It was a ten-dollar chair, the shop-keeper repeated. I saw the tag marked "Lax, Jxxx Mxx." There could be no doubt of it.

I gazed and gazed, but finally went on, like the seamen of Ulysses, deafening myself to the siren-voice. And

though I had hesitated, I might not have been lost; but returning by the same route, I saw a neighboring druggist rush into that store bareheaded, as I now suppose to change a bill. Need I say that I then thought he had come for my chair? Need I say that I then and there bought that chair?

Thus have I brought shame on a judicious parent—not my mother—who has conscientiously labored to teach me that the way of the bargain-hunter is hard.

As well might man attempt to deprive the cat of its mew or the dog of its bark as to eliminate from the female breast the love of bargains. It has been burned in with the centuries. Eve, poor soul, doubtless never knew the happiness of swarming with other women round a big table piled with remnants of rumpled table-linen, mismatched towels and soiled dresser-scarfs, or the pleasure of carrying off the bolt of last fall's ribbon on which another woman had her eye; nor had she the proud satisfaction of bringing home to her unfortunate partner a shirt with a bosom like a checker-board, that had been marked down to sixty-three cents. But history, since her day, is not lacking in bargains of various kinds, of which woman has had her share, though no doubt Anniversary Sales, Sensational Mill End Sales, and Railroad Wreck Sales are comparatively modern.

A woman's pleasure in a good bargain is akin to the rapture engendered

in the feminine bosom by successful smuggling. It is perhaps a purer joy. The satisfaction of acquiring something one does not need, or of buying an article which one may have some use for in the future, simply because it is cheap or because Mrs. X. paid seventeen cents more for the same thing at a bargain-sale, cannot be understood by a mere man.

Once in a while some stupid masculine creature endeavors to show his wife that she is losing the use of her money by tying it up in embroideries for decorating cotton which is still in the fields of the South, or laying it out in summer dress-goods when snow-storms cannot be far distant. The use of her money forsooth! What is money for except to spend? And if she didn't buy embroideries and dimities, she would purchase something else with it.

So she goes on hunting bargains, or rather profiting by those that come in her way, for generally it is not necessary to search for them. These little snares of the merchant are only too common in this age, when everything from cruisers to clothes-pins and pianos to prunes may often be had at a stupendous sacrifice.

A man usually goes to a shop where he believes that he will run little or no risk of being deceived in the quality of the goods, even though prices be higher there than at some other places. A woman thinks she knows a bargain when she sees it.

She is aware that the store-keeper has craftily spread his web of bargains, hoping that when lured into his shop she will buy other things not bargains. But she determines beforehand that she will not be cajoled into purchasing anything but the particular bargain of her desire,—unless—unless she sees something else which she really wants. And generally, she sees something else which she really wants.

Most women are tolerably good

judges of a bargain, and therefore have some ground for their confidence in themselves. I have seen a Christmas bargain-table containing china and small ornaments of various wares, completely honeycombed of its actual bargains by veteran bargain-hunters, who left unpurchased as if by instinct goods from the regular stock, offered at usual prices.

Bargains are a boon to the woman of moderate means. The deepest joys of bargain-hunting are not known to the rich, though they by no means disdain a bargain. To them is not given the delight of saving long, and waiting for a bargain sale, and at last possessing the thin white china or net curtains ardently desired and still out of reach at regular prices. But they have some compensation. They have the advantage not only of ready money, which makes a bargain available at any time, but also that of leisure.

While my lady of the slender purse is still getting the children ready for school, or exhorting Bridget not to burn the steak that will be entrusted to her tender mercies, they can swoop down upon a bargain and bear it away victoriously.

A fondness for bargains is not without its dangers, for with some people the appetite grows with what it feeds on, to the detriment of their purses as well as of their outlook on life. To them, all the world becomes a bargain-counter.

A few years ago in a city which shall be nameless, two women looked into the windows of a piano-store. In one, was an ancient instrument marked "1796"; in the other, a beautiful modern piano labelled "1896." "Why," said one of the gazers to her companion, indicating the latter, "I'd a good deal rather pay the difference for this one, wouldn't you?"

This is no wild invention of fiction, but a bald fact. So strong had the

ruling passion become in that feminine heart.

Upon a friend of mine, the bargain habit has taken so powerful a hold that almost any sort of a bargain appeals to her. She is the owner of a fine parrot, yet not long ago she bought another, which had cost fifteen dollars, but was offered to her for ten. Its feathers were bedraggled and grimy, for it had followed its mistress about like a dog; it proved to be so cross that at first it had to be fed from the end of a stick; and though represented as a brilliant talker, its discourse was found to be limited to "Wow!" and "Rah! Rah!"—but it was a bargain.

To be sure, she didn't really need two parrots, but had she not saved five dollars on this one?

The most elusive kind of bargain is that set forth in alluring advertisements as a small lot, perhaps three, four, or two dozen articles of a kind, offered at a price unprecedentedly low.

When you reach the store, you are generally told that they—whatever they may be—are all gone. The other woman so often arrives earlier than you, apparently, that finally you come to doubt their existence.

Once in a while if you are eminent among your fellows by some gift of nature, as is an acquaintance of mine,

you may chase down one of these will-o'-the-wisps.

He—yes, it is he, for what woman would own to a number ten foot even for the sake of a bargain?—saw a fire sale advertised, with men's shoes offered at a dollar a pair. He went to the store. Sure enough, a fire had occurred somewhere, but not there. It was sufficiently near, however, for a fire sale.

A solitary box was brought out, whose edges were scorched, as by a match passed over them; within, was a pair of number ten shoes. Number tens alone, whether one pair or more, I wot not, represented their gigantic fire sale. And I cannot say how many men had come only to be confronted with tens, before this masculine Cinderella triumphantly filled their capacious maws with his number ten feet, and gleefully carried off what may have been the only bargain in the shop.

In spite of the suspicions of some doubting Thomases who regard all bargains as snares and delusions, it is certain that many real bargains are offered among the numerous things advertised as such; but to profit by them, I may add, one must have an aptitude, either natural or acquired, for bargains.

P.S.—I have just learned that my wicker chair would not have been very cheap at six dollars.

Mary MacLane

BOOK I. by the Lady from Butte,
Being naughty, some folks thought it cutte:
Book II., being tame,
Didn't sell quite the same—
Though it bettered the lady's reputte.

C. A.

The Literary Amateur Circus and Wild East Authors' Show

BY HENRY TYRRELL

IT was a happy thought, the organization of an amateur Circus and Wild East show of authors, for the benefit of that worthy charity, the New York Asylum for the Inane. The purely philanthropic aim of the entertainment doubtless propitiated the fates, for it was successful beyond expectation, and herewith passes into history.

Under a spacious Omar Khayyám tent in the nor'-northwest field of the Asylum grounds, a congregation of 2,000 grave cultured people of the literary smart set witnessed the performances, on smooth turf like the green baize of a writing-table, under the shade of melancholy boughs of bay and laurel shrubbery.

Irving Bacheller, skilfully made up as a "Rube" of Northern New York, sold peanuts—which, as he cried aloud, were "as good as water, and as wholesome as bread"—at the entrance gate. George Ade, disguised as a *littérateur*, dispensed thin lemonade, highly colored with slang. Brander Matthews was capital as a burlesque policeman.

The approach to the circus-tent proper was flanked by the inevitable side-show, with its flaming posters depicting the various "freaks" on exhibition inside. Hamilton W. Mabie, in a loud check suit and red necktie, stood upon an ink-barrel, from which

outlook he got in his effective work as a "barker."

"Here you are, ladies and gentlemen!" he shouted, in stentorian tones—"don't miss it! the opportunity of a lifetime to witness this mammoth aggregation of living curiosities, all for the paltry sum of one dime. Here you have Bliss Carman, the marvellous Living Skeleton! Jack London, the Wild Boy—he eats 'em alive! Henry Harland, the Ossified Man, a puzzle to science! Come and see Edmund Clarence Stedman as the Bearded Lady! Jeannette Gilder, as the Circassian Slave! Why, for a single price of admission, you have Thomas Dixon, the Leopard Boy, and Walter Page, known as the Human Snake! Hear the Two-Headed Nightingale, Ella-Gertrude-Wheeler-Wilcox-Atherton! Come in, everybody! the performance is now going on. Charles G—— D—— Roberts, the Strong Man from Halifax, is about to lift three pounds!"

Visitors to this side-show came out quickly, looking as disappointed as if it had been the real professional humbug.

But the Circus was the thing. The band struck up merrily, under the direction of Reginald De Koven, playing morceaux by various composers living and dead, all from his own operas.

Colonel George B. M. Harvey, the

accomplished ring-master, marshalled into the arena a glittering procession of authors, freaks, and literary savages, comprising the entire outfit, side-show and all.

F. Hopkinson Smith, as a whirling Dervish, at this point started rotating, and kept it up without intermission all through the performance. Everybody was amazed at his nerve.

Professor Wyckoff, of Princeton, and Josiah Flynt, did some rare fooling on the side, as Happy Hooligan and Weary Willard, respectively. They were even more hobo-like than the genuine article—and the same might be said of Joel Chandler Harris in his inimitable (likewise unprecedented) impersonation of Uncle Remus, an ole Georgia nigger.

The Roman Chariot race, between General Lew Wallace and Henry Sienkiewicz, would have resulted in a victory for the former, who had the advantage of the start, but for the breaking down of the treadmill upon which his fiery steeds galloped and galloped, without getting any forwarder.

Other equestrian exercises included the putting through their paces of Horses Nine, by Sewell Ford; a *haute école* act, by Mlle. Martha McCulloch-Williams; and saddling and riding the bucking Pegasus broncos, by Messrs. Madison Cawein, Clinton Scollard, and Frank Dempster Sherman. This latter feature proved perilous and exciting to a degree. Cawein's Kentucky horse rolled on him, breaking one of his feet. Scollard came a cropper and struck on his head, rendering him insensible to real, live, original poetic freshness and beauty. Poor Sherman was kicked in the face, and so disfigured that he changed his name to Felix Carmen.

The Gymkhana races furnished lively sport. The contestants were Messrs. John Kendrick Bangs, "Ham" Garland, Booth Tarkington, and Edwin Markham. They rode, each carry-

ing a type-writing machine, to the opposite end of the arena, where they were to dismount, edit a magazine department and deliver a lecture, then mount again and dash back to the grand stand, giving authors' readings as they rode. Bangs was an easy winner in this event. In fact, Tark was left at the post, and Garland dropped out of the race to trim his beard and brush his hair at a chance looking-glass. As for Markham, he is writing yet, on a magazine poem ordered by telephone.

James Lane Allen did some aerial stunts on the flying trapeze. Unfortunately, he was so high up that it was impossible to follow his movements, except through a powerful literary glass. The spectators applauded generously on faith, without having any definite idea as to just what the Blue Grass aerialist had done.

The fancy shooting by Mary E. Wilkins, the Puritan Dead-Shot, hit the bull's-eye of popular approval. With her Springfield (Mass.) rifle, and ammunition of the New England Conscience brand, she winged human clay pigeons every time, and broke hollow balls of false pretence without wasting a cartridge.

The thrill of the afternoon, however, came when Diavolo Dick, the Dashing, Death-Defying Dare Devil (for it was thus the programme and handbills designated Richard Harding Davis), looped the loop on a military bicycle. Certain officious patrons had tried to have this act prohibited, fearing its danger to the performer, as well as its effect upon the sensitive nerves of women and children. As a matter of fact, the thing was not nearly so perilous as it looked. Mr. Davis had rehearsed, until he could do it in his sleep. Besides, his life is heavily insured by his publishers, who would never permit him to run the slightest risk, even of bumping his head.

The entertainment concluded with a realistic attack by Indian contributors and road-agents upon the Fifth Avenue coach, and its rescue by Buffalo Bill (represented by Owen Wister) with a trusty band of cowboys. The antiquated vehicle, driven by W. D. Howells, carried as passengers Messrs. William C. Whitney, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, H. M. Alden, and E. L. Burlingame. It was held up by those three desperate bucks John Brisben Walker, Paul Reynolds, and Frank Munsey, at the head of a horde of truculent redskins, including Cyrus Townsend Brady, Fra Elbertus

Hubbard, Julian Hawthorne, Edgar Saltus and General Charles King. These bad men were about getting away with the passengers' check-books, when Wister, Frederic Remington and Mr. Dooley dashed up with their squad of valiant cow-punchers, and shot the air full of holes with blank cartridges.

We may add the gratifying report that the proceeds of this unique affair amounted to \$4,114.04. This insures the addition of another wing to the New York Asylum for the Inane, which will be devoted to the special accommodation of illustrators.

Psyttaleia

BY ARTHUR UPSON

(Between Salamis and the mainland. Pausanias describes it in his time as having no artistic shrine or statue but full everywhere of roughly carved images of Pan, to whom the island was sacred. It lay just opposite the entrance to the Peiræos.)

ÆGINA'S foam is high and wild
Where Pan immortal sits enisled,
But thou and I with flying oar
Seek Psyttaleia's sacred shore.

The City of the Violet Crown
Well knows that rocky island's frown,
But thou and I together learned
What fires upon her altars burned.

Oh, many a sail goes gleaming there,
Bound for some olive-garden fair;
But thou and I made fast to her
And found her cypress lovelier.

The shrines of Aphrodite lift
Their smoke in every village-rift;
But thou and I, remote from man,
Propitiate the woodland Pan.

In Defence of an Offering

BY SEWELL FORD

GRACIOUS! You're not going to smoke again? I do believe, my dear, that you're getting to be a regular, etc., etc. (Voice from across the reading table.)

A slave to tobacco! Not I. Singular, the way you women misuse nouns. I am, rather, a chosen acolyte in the temple of Nicotiana. Daily, aye, thrice daily—well, call it six, then—do I make burnt offering. Now some use censers of clay, others employ censers of rare white earth finely carved and decked with silver and gold. My particular censer, as you see, is a plain, honest briar, a root dug from the banks of the blue Garonne, whose only glory is its grain and color. The original tint, if you remember, was like that of new-cut cedar, but use—I've been smoking this one only two years now—has given it gloss and depth of tone which put the finest mahogany to shame. Let me rub it on my sleeve. Now look!

There are no elaborate mummeries about our service in the temple of Nicotiana. No priest or pastor, no robed muezzin or gowned prelate calls me to the altar. Neither is there fixed hour or prescribed point of the compass towards which I must turn. Whenever the mood comes and the spirit listeth, I make devotion.

There are various methods, numerous brief litanies. Mine is a common

and simple one. I take the cut Indian leaf in the left palm, so, and roll it gently about with the right, thus. Next I pack it firmly in the censer's hollow bowl with neither too firm nor too light a pressure. Any fire will do. The torch need not be blessed. Thanks, I have a match.

Now we are ready. With the surplus breath of life you draw in the fragrant spirit of the weed. With slow, reluctant outbreathing you loose it on the quiet air. Behold! That which was but a dead thing, lives. Perhaps we have released the soul of some brave red warrior who, long years ago, fell in glorious battle and mingled his dust with the unforgetting earth. Each puff may give everlasting liberty to some dead and gone aboriginal. If you listen you may hear his far-off chant. Through the curling blue wreaths you may catch a glimpse of the happy hunting grounds to which he has now gone. That is the part of the service whose losing or gaining depend upon yourself.

The first whiff is the invocation, the last the benediction. When you knock out the ashes you should feel conscious that you have done a good deed, that the offering has not been made in vain.

Slave! Still that odious word? Well, have it your own way. Worshipers at every shrine have been thus persecuted.

Their Exits and Their Entrances

Hedda Gabler, by Henrik Ibsen; *A Fool and His Money*, by George H. Broadhurst; *The Spenders*, dramatized by Edward E. Rose; *Marta of the Lowlands*, by Angel Guimerà; *A Midsummer Nigbi's Dream* (N. C. Goodwin's Production); *Cousin Kate*, by Hubert Henry Davies; *The Proud Prince*, by Justin Huntly McCarthy; *Dante*, by MM. Sardou and Moreau; *Old Heidelberg*, by Wilhelm Meyer-Förster.

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

I GAVE a last hasty survey of the greenroom, while Buttons was helping me on with my coat.

"When those flowers come," I said, "put them in water, and here, Billy, are the cards; be sure to place one at each plate and—" I ran my eye down the centre table, and anxiously scanned the waiters as they came and went.

"It's getting late, sir," suggested Billy, as he handed me my hat, "the play begins at eight."

The last I saw of Billy, as I got into the elevator, was a radiant face and a host of silver buttons twinkling on his person. He held the cards I had given him, and as the elevator shot to the ground floor, certain misgivings seized me, for I had thrust upon Billy what for hours had puzzled me, and in the end, had defeated me. It was impossible, knowing the members of the greenroom as I do, to seat them entirely as I would; so Billy was to arrange this matter for me, and all would be well!

A supper in the greenroom means a box party beforehand; it also means that the greenroom must be transformed by innumerable details, and

that Mary must take possession for a whole day, and upset our disorder. The latter had been done, and as for the theatre, the Manager had decided upon "Dante," and along Broadway I hastened as fast as a cab would take me. As I drove up, the Humorist met me.

"I have it!" he exclaimed—"put me down for a talk on Dramatic Elevators." Then we separated—our boxes being on opposite sides of the house—and for nearly four hours drank in the contra-stimulating Italian atmosphere of the thirteenth century—a sort of refined D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini" with Dante and Hell thrown in.

After the play we went back to the greenroom, and it was far into the wee sma' hours before we began to talk of the drama in any other than a general way. But drama it always must be in the greenroom, as I have said, even in the midst of our *flet de bœuf, ris de veau*, and those innumerable mysteries our indigestions take on faith!

It was toward the end of the menu that we began discussing individual plays.

"Gentlemen," said the Critic, "I have been asked to give you my impression of 'Hedda Gabler,' alias 'Mrs. Fiske'; perhaps you know it already; I believe we are too prone to read into Ibsen more than Ibsen intends us to read. But there are shades of black, and the Norwegian is past master of that monotint, with which he sprinkles 'Hedda Gabler,' aimlessly, it seems, except with the desire to paint a bad woman. I have thought over 'Hedda Gabler' to see what possible message it contains; I have brought my psychology to bear upon every act of the central character, and I can find no excuse of environment to alter my opinion. Perhaps Hedda's absolute loneliness calls for a weak cry of pity—one sympathetic bubble in a glass of flat vichy—but 'Hedda Gabler' is an unhealthy sediment after all. Ibsen takes typical characteristics, and resting them upon a faultless construction, calls them Hedda. The revulsion of a Hedda type does not bring even negative good results; revulsion is in the type at the very beginning of the play, and it must be remembered that Ibsen begins his dramas where most playwrights end theirs. Mrs. Fiske has somewhere said that we must take into consideration Hedda's former life, and Mr. Corbin says that we must reckon with all of the pathological reasons, but that will not take from the morbidity or the unhealthiness of the type.

"Mrs. Fiske has, from her intellectual standpoint, invested her interpretation with innumerable subtleties that show her insight. But her Hedda in manner is Miranda 'of the Balcony,' and 'The Unwelcome' Mrs. Hatch, and the three are Mrs. Fiske and her mannerisms combined. I should once like to see Mrs. Fiske let forth her pent-up temperament; perhaps some day the staccato voice will pierce the cold reserve, and we shall see Mrs. Fiske at her best. Some of her great moments

of acting are when she is absolutely tense and silent—whether it be Mrs. Hatch rocking for at least five minutes by the open window, waiting, waiting for the crisis—or Hedda with the creeping determination to end it all, while she faces Assessor Brack in the last act.

"The clear-cut study of Mrs. Elvsted (Carlotta Nilsson) was a rare treat; it showed Mrs. Fiske's good schooling, and, rising above the hardships of continued weeping, held its own with a quiet force."

"Ibsen's realism is the Black Hole of idealism," said the Author, "but Hedda was a treat to me, I must own. Ibsen's work is of the head, not of the heart; you have to study his plays."

"I'd rather see 'Babes in Toyland,'" said the Artist, "you find color there."

"But you both have to go up in the same elevator," chimed in the Humorist.

"What do you mean?" we queried.

"Why, this"—said the Humorist, pushing back his chair and rising—"Gentlemen, methinks I see taste graded like the floors of a large building, with an elevator that takes us where we will, and proclaims our aspirations by the stops it makes. Our entrances are the same—all herded in the same narrow limits under the heading, General Public, and guided by the manager who runs the machine. Would you stop off at the Shakespeare floor?—the elevator shoots up with startling rapidity, but some one cries, 'Let me off at Collier and the Rogers Brothers,' and the elevator is brought to a sudden halt, and lowered to the floor required. Of course our artistic sense is jarred—but exits must be made, and for the present, we have but one elevator for us all. Not that I deride Collier. 'A Fool and His Money' is an amusing farce with forced situations for that natural flow of inane humor that is all the more comical

since it comes in a level voice. But I don't believe in that sort of humor. The broad deviations from conventions that result in farce are a cheap way of creating a smile. One leaps over probability and thrusts plot aside, as joke after joke is hurled forth. The central idea has possibility—the discarding of a father by his son, both agreed to try the experiment for a year so that the latent talent of the son may assert itself.

"Our elevator starts again for Shakespeare. 'The Spenders,' cries some one, and once more the manager drops us to the dramatized-novel floor, and more exits are made. I have seen 'The Spenders' and found it pleasing; it is purely a part piece around which incidents have been grouped in quick succession for Crane's finished work. There are bright lines and local hits. A New Yorker will enjoy the description of Wall Street as the gulch below Trinity Church, but details like this will be lost in the city of Kalamazoo. The human element is the universal one; the story is the common factor—and the story is stereotyped. The Uncle Peter of the West has individuality; the Uncle Peter of Long Island and New York, come to look after his ne'er-do-weel nephew, becomes the conventional old man. Is convention the leveller of individuality—the guardian of mediocrity?

"The sentiment in 'The Spenders' is poor. There is more in American life than this from which to create an American Drama. Up to the footlights there comes, nowadays, an empty novel, from which there steps a play. The spenders among the theatre-goers flock to see Crane, and apart from the play he is well worth seeing. Now all this time we are still in the elevator, waiting for our floor; it is not the steps I mind, it is the drops I mind; we need more than one Dramatic Elevator for the General Public."

"And more than sporadic productions to cultivate the taste," said the Poet.

"Sporadic productions?" asked the Actor.

"Yes, 'Marta of the Lowlands,' for instance," replied the Poet; "it should have been a musical piece instead of a drama; kill Marta in the last scene, and you would have a kind of Santuzza, a weak Carmen, and a bully in the Master instead of a bull. In manuscript it is claimed that the dialogue is poetic; on the stage it forms an unpleasant melodrama of village life with a group of peasants for atmosphere. Song would have shaded the over-exuberance of Manelich (Hobart Bosworth), the hill dreamer, come to wed Marta, and would have enriched the acting of Miss Riccardo, who does not possess the magnetism to hold an audience by suppressed emotion. There is not enough in Marta's part for us to watch development—that is the fault of the dramatist; Marta is colorless, and the problem of the drama, though vital, is sketchy and vague in its results. Nuri (Ethel Browning) was the poetic part for me, with a melodic flow of voice that was unusual.

"Perhaps Mrs. Fiske, who staged the production, will let us have more of the work of Guimerá, or shall this prove his entrance and his exit? One can see in him a follower of Ibsen in his simplicity of text and in his social aim, centering about the Master—the landed proprietor. We need two or three more of these Spanish dramas before we pass judgment."

"But it is variety—novelty we are after!" said the Manager; "you ask for Shakespeare—we give you 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and you stay away. How are we to sound you?"

"By giving us what we ask for," replied the Author; "we ask for Shake-

spare and you give us an electrician. Ah, I know what you would say about the play and fancy. You would quote Coleridge to me: 'The Fancy brings together images which have no connection, natural or moral, but are yoked together by the poet by means of some accidental coincidence.' You would quote him further: 'The Imagination modifies images and gives unity to variety; it sees all things in one, *il più nell' uno*.' Has Shakespeare written comic opera? Ay, with Mendelssohn. Has he satisfied the spectacular? Ay, with his Puck, his Oberon, foolishly feminized, and his Cobweb. The spark of genius has never been controlled by a switch-board and a dynamo, nor can electric bulbs and song hide the limitations of the human. But there is a depth to the human which, after you strike Bottom, abruptly ends. Yet in Bottom there is scope for art; Mr. Goodwin fails to give us the Bully Bottom, and as the critic has suggested, amuses us with 'business' instead of character. Shakespeare's conception was spontaneous humor; Mr. Goodwin's was confused petulance—he strove for fun as an actor instead of letting the character reveal itself. As to the delicate fancy, the lines were for the most part poorly rendered; Helena's (Ida Conquest) tones rose and fell in monotonous cadences with each line; Hermia (Florence Rockwell) struck the surface and spoiled the human conflict of love. It was Hippolyta (Chrystal Herne) who came nearest the mortal soundness, as Titania (Katheryn Hutchinson) portrayed satisfactorily the fairy freshness."

"Such variety leads to confusion," I said. "A test of a play is to give it without scenery, as has been done several times in stage history; a great art rises above its superficialities."

"Gentlemen," said the Actor, "I remember reading at one time some-

thing by Henry Arthur Jones. He wrote: 'A fair way to measure any dramatist is to ask this question of his work: "Does he make human life as small as his own theatre, so that there is nothing more to be said about either; or does he hint that human life so far transcends any theatre that all attempts to deal with it on the boards, even the highest, even Hamlet, even Oedipus, even Faust, are but shadows and guesses and perishable toys of the stage?"'"

"The fundamentals of life have been so since the beginning of time almost, and everything lies in the dramatist's power to arrange the details according to his idea. I have in mind a play I saw not many weeks ago, that sent me away with the feeling that cousins would not be half-bad, relatively speaking, if they were all like 'Cousin Kate.' Mr. Davies, the author, is a writer of comedy, feeling in the right direction with an uncertain hand. His new play is one of great unevenness and inconsistency, yet had the author done nothing more than conceive the second act, it would have stamped him with promise. Only occasionally do we find such rare exuberance—in 'Miss Hobbs,' for instance, where Kingsearl lectures Miss Hobbs on the ways of women. Mr. Davies was fortunate in securing Miss Barrymore for the rôle of Cousin Kate. Since her work in Clyde Fitch's 'Captain Jinks,' I have felt that her charm lay in her keen hold on those flashes of human nature that await the well-rounded play.

"When love meets love in an old house, it can afford to use bravado, and as volleyed by Miss Barrymore and Bruce McRae, it is delightful. Cousin Kate is not inconsistent, however, even though the playwright makes her so. She would never have forgotten for an instant, her mission of patching up the misunderstanding between her lover and Amy (well portrayed by Beatrice

Agnew), who were at the time engaged; she was the type that would have stood suffering, since she loved deeply. But she had a friend in Mr. Davies to whom time was naught; obstacles are removed and the channels of true love changed or fixed, to make way for a happy—but a weak—ending.

"Here is a play, written by an Englishman, but singularly American in tone. Had it been written by an American, it would have been equally as universal. Mr. Fitch would have perhaps localized it more; our dramatists of the future who will write for the coming National Art Theatre must be warned: our American spirit is something more than a conglomerate of sectional touches; democracy is humanity in its broadest sense. 'Cousin Kate' is essentially healthy, as 'Her Own Way' is; there is something in both that encourages us to feel that the way is being prepared for the comedy of life rather than that of the imagination."

"I am going to institute a new order—the S. P. W. E.—will you join?" asked the Humorist, turning to the Dramatist.

"What for?" I queried.

"Oh, it's a Society for the Prevention of Weak Endings; at present we see a rush upon the stage, a grouping of the dramatis personæ, and the curtain descends amid the waving of hats and plumes among the audience, not in enthusiasm, but in preparation for home."

"It is lack of originality in gathering the main threads of the plot," suggested the Editor. "The dramatist resorts too often to the old tricks. Mr. McCarthy ends 'The Proud Prince' as he does 'If I Were King'; in fact, to have seen one play is to have grasped the range of the dramatist's execution in the other. The groundwork is the same, though Villon is the better character. King Robert as himself gives

Mr. Sothern scope for his rich delivery in portraying the bestial monarch. And when, after condemning his fool to death, and the maid he loves to be degraded and shamed, he is changed into the fool himself, with the hidden personality of the real King beneath his shrunken form, the characterization falls, and William Norris's Pepe in 'Francesca da Rimini' and Miguel de Antona in 'In the Palace of the King' stand out in striking and favorable contrast."

"What a pity," said the Poet, "that Norris has given up the legitimate drama; he has a public ready to receive him when he returns to that stability his art deserves—something better and deeper than 'Babes in Toyland.'"

"Anyway," the Editor continued, "there are striking situations which are effective—that in especial, where the King, as fool, kills Hildebrand with the iron cross, an agreeable bit of symbolism that gains by its abstractness. 'He hath put down the mighty; He hath uplifted the humble.' What though the decrees of King Robert the Bad must be visited upon him, little gain in force is to be had in the undue emphasis of the story centring around the Strange Woman. We know what a courtesan is, without having to be shown one. What though King Robert changes in spirit, it need not be indicated at the first, by a scene that is over-vulgar rather than over-suggestive. I am not calling attention to this from prudishness, but because there is a tendency to overload our plays with such unwholesomeness for the sake of color; that is the fault with 'Dante'—it is the fault with D'Annunzio's 'Francesca.' The humanism, the romanticism that were with Sothern in the old Lyceum days, are lacking in 'The Proud Prince.' And as for Miss Loftus, the dramatist gives her nothing to do."

"The playwright who attempts a

drama with an historical setting," said the Critic, "is influenced nowadays too much by details, rather than essentials; he expends his dialogue on side issues that show what a wicked century such and such a one was. Take 'Dante' that we have just seen; who, in all the characters, stand out? Only Dante, not the one of tradition, but the one to set in a forced incident that is falsely introduced. Scenically, the Vision is wonderfully conceived, as is the transformation during the storm, in 'The Proud Prince.' But what of Dante, the deep-browed Dante with the wonder eyes? With Sir Henry's enunciation and Sardou's plot, he was far away, save in appearance. Dante had become stage-manager; Sir Henry was trying to become Dante by scenic portrayals of isolated scenes taken haphazard from 'The Divine Comedy.' There is nothing organic in this."

"As far as that is concerned," I said, "I have not seen a play lately, given by any of our leading actors, that was organically balanced. Mr. Mansfield is full of the power for character from within; he shows through the faint sketch of Karl Heinrich, the spirit of imprisoned royalty. How one longs for him the free development of a Cyrano! The mind must be able to follow step by step a transformation. Heinrich is to be pitied in the first act; to be envied in the second; to be pitied in the third; to be disappointed in the fourth. Heinrich the Heidelberg student, Heinrich the Prince, Heinrich the lover, struggling beneath his royal conventions. As a fleeting fancy, Kathie (Grace Elliston) passes freshly, but dimly through three scenes. Each act finds Heinrich as a different being, and like a dream, the thin romance of a girlish figure is faintly recollected. Mr. Mansfield infuses into Heinrich all the warmth that a bare sketch may contain, but it is not a large rôle, despite the sympathetic treatment. One al-

most wishes he had taken the part of Lutz, his valet, the only vivid character in the play."

On this evening the greenroom was lighted only by candles which burned brightly at our entrance, but were now warning us that we must be brief and make ready for our exits. And yet I believe that we could have continued for hours more. Billy, poor little chap, had fallen asleep—Billy to whom all this talk faded before the dream of boundless turkey and iced cakes. Billy and I have a date; we are to go to the play next week, and then Billy will talk to us of the stage.

One by one we went our different ways, and only the Critic and I remained. We sent Billy home with a covered basket, and drew two chairs before the fire, which was burning red in the grate. We blew out the candles and sat down.

"The Editor asked me," I said, "whether I ever tired of the theatre. Bless me, 'tis ever a new delight!—the change of taste—the verdict of the people—a play's entrance and its exit.

"And this is the wonder of the stage—a thousand different minds whose entrances place them on a level of receptivity; whose exits take them into the world with a verdict. Before the curtain and behind it on a first night! We expect this of an actor at his entrance; we know at his exit what he has done. We speculate at our entrance; we know at our exit what the play deserves. Our entrances—and—our—exits, speculation—and—verdict—"

When I looked at my watch it was nearly four o'clock; the fire was out and a gray light came in from the windows. I jumped up and shook the Critic. "We've been asleep," I cried. Down the room we went, past empty chairs and drooping flowers; the actors on the walls seemed to smile at us; they were to know of the manner of our exit!

Over the Book-Counter

BY CAROLYN WELLS

HOW do you do, Miss Flightly, how do you do? What can I give you to-day?

Any of the new novels?

Oh, yes, we have all the new ones. That is, all of them up to this afternoon. Books are getting to be like candies. They send us fresh lots nearly every hour.

Something light?

Oh, something popular, eh? Well, you see, none of the very new books is very popular as yet. They haven't really had time to get popular, you know.

Except Mrs. Wiggin's "Rebecca."

That was born popular. Some books are.

What sort is it?

Oh, it's the loveliest sort ever. It's a kid story—but not like Miss Daskam's, and not like Kenneth Grahame's. Oh, you don't know their stories?

Well, never mind, you can't help liking "Rebecca." Nobody could. It isn't only the child that's so wonderful, it's the book itself. In her own line, Mrs. Wiggin beats the whole crowd.

Now just let me read you this bit about the Sad Subjunctive. The child is saying her grammar lesson, you know, and it's

"If I had known,
If thou hadst known,
If he had known.

"If we had known,
If you had known,
If they had known."

'Oh, it is the saddest tense,' sighed Rebecca, with a little break in her voice; 'nothing but *ifs, ifs, ifs!* And it makes

you feel that if they only *had* known, things might have been better!'"

What things? Oh, never mind; here, I'll read you another bit. It's a couplet Rebecca wrote at school.

"When Joy and Duty clash,
Duty must go to smash."

What? You don't think that's proper? Well, perhaps not. Anyway, Rebecca amended it afterward. But maybe you wouldn't like "Rebecca," after all. It has that subtle, between-the-linesy kind of humor that doesn't appeal to everybody. But I like it. My! I read "Rebecca" three times through without stopping.

Now if you like the easy-to-guess sort of fun, here's "The Real Diary of a Real Boy." That's funny enough for anybody.

Of course, it's the same old misspelled bad grammar that schoolboys are supposed always to write, but there are some new things in it, and it's crisp and not tiresome. And the boy in it has some true sweetness and light behind his "tuf" make-up. It ought to be called "The Real Horrid Diary of a Real Nice Boy." He uses some new words, too. New to me, at least. When he started to school at nearly nine o'clock, he had to "hiper" so as not to be late.

Isn't *hiper* a lovely word? It gives you the impression of a hitching along, hippity-hop gait, that gets over the ground very fast.

You'll take the Diary? All right.

Now if you like slang, here's George Ade's "In Babel." It's supposed to be wonderfully clever character sketches, but I think it's just the usual list of

comic paper types translated into George Ade slangage.

"Hickey Boy with the Grip" is about the funniest story in it, but my! when you remember Mr. Dooley's Grip chapter, you just can't read Hickey Boy. But, of course, Ade is popular—ginger-popular, and I s'pose "In Babel" is a best-selling book in Chicago.

You'll take it? Thank you, Miss Flightly.

Now, I shouldn't wonder if you'd like "The Damsel and the Sage."

It's a nonsense-book, though it isn't so-called. It is called "A Woman's Whimsies," but it might as well be called "A Lady's Lingo," or "A Girl's Gabble," or "A Sinner's Cynics," or "A Smarty's Smartness," or "A Butterfly's Butter."

It's just a lot of old proverbial philosophy put into new words and printed on thick paper, with lots of capital letters. But Capital Letters don't make capital books—though, of course, this book is bright and lively—you know it's by the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth." And the Damsel is distinctly Elizabethan in her matters and her manners.

Yes. Thank you. I'll send that, too.

And here's just the dearest book of short stories you ever saw. It's called "Zut," but that's only the name of the first story, and it's by Guy Wetmore Carryl.

I didn't know he could write stories, did you? What, you never heard of him? Why, Miss Flightly, he's the man that has done books full of the loveliest long rhymed lingos, like Gilbert's, you know. Mostly, they're versified versions of the old fairy tales and Mother Goose rhymes, but they're great! He has the most wonderful command of rhyme, and of rhythm, too.

But this new book of his is French from head to heel.

You don't read French? Oh, I don't mean it's in French, really, but it's such a literal translation of French idioms and people, and plots and atmosphere, that it's just bewitching.

And he has a story to tell, too, every time. And how he tells it! Each tale is as clear and graphic as a pen-and-ink drawing,—which, of course, it is,—and as distinctly French and Frenchly distinct as a Chéret poster.

Oh, he's a genius, that man.

Me? Oh, no, I haven't been to France. But that's the cleverness of the book. It makes you feel as if you had lived in Paris all your life and your ancestors before you.

Funny? Ye-es, the book *is* funny. Yes, very funny. But it also has pathos, and, of course, real fun always does have that. "The Only Son of His Mother" is a dear story. I cried over that. But "Zut" and the story about Pierrot and Mimi make you laugh. Oh, they're great stories. Exquisite, I think, is the only word for them. They read as if he sharpened his pencil afresh at every line.

You don't care for it? Oh, you don't like the cover?

Now, I think that clear yellow cover is beautiful. But, of course, there's no accounting for tastes. How do you like red covers?

Here's "Cherry" now. Booth Tarkington's "Cherry," you know, and the cover is the color of the title.

The end-papers are beautiful, too, and so is the frontispiece. Also the title-page, and likewise the head and tail-pieces and the illustrations. The type is very nice, too, and then it's by the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire."

You'll take it? Thank you, Miss Flightly.

And have you read "The Call of the Wild"? That's quite popular. A nature book?

No, not exactly, though I think it would fell like to be one.

It's by Jack London, and it's the story of a dog. One of those humanized dogs, you know. Nowadays the authors humanize all the animals,—even man.

Well, "The Call of the Wild" is a beautiful dog-book. It's in the class with Mr. Seton's and Mr. Kipling's animal stories, but of course it isn't up head.

Still, it's good reading, and pretty good writing. Lots of people rave over it, and it's an awfully good seller.

Then here's the new edition of "Madame Butterfly." I suppose there never was a lovelier story than this written.

You've read it?

Yes, of course, but you ought to have this new edition. It has the dearest pictures, and it's a beautiful book.

Wasn't it great on the stage? I cried myself into a rag over it.

Now here are two books that are not a bit light, but they're fine, I tell you.

They're Mrs. Wharton's "Sanctuary" and Miss Alice Brown's "Judgment."

I don't know why I always think of these together, but I do. Perhaps it's only because they were running serially in magazines at the same time.

But they're a little bit alike, too. They're both short sketches, both studies of an ethical question, and both are wonderfully well written.

Of course, Mrs. Wharton is a genius, while Miss Brown has only talent. But it's a good sort of talent, and she sees pretty straight.

She has a splendid command of words, too, has Miss Alice Brown, and whatever word she uses, is the best possible word for that place.

Hasn't Mrs. Wharton, too?

Oh, she! She talks Whartonese, which is a sort of glorified language, more expressive than any thing else in all the world.

Edith Wharton has not only a command of words, but of phrases and sentences and even a whole book. She's a wonder.

But you wouldn't care for either of these books, Miss Flightly, they're only essays in introspective analysis and exhaustive treatises on moral vivisection.

What, you don't understand those big words?

Well, I'm not sure that I do, either; but that's what they are, anyway.

Oh, I guess here's a book you'll like.

It's W. D. Howells's "Letters Home."

Oh, he is the dearest man!

He just sits back in his chair and chuckles as he writes. You can hear the chuckles between the lines.

Now this book is about New York, and it just *is* New York.

Why, his description of that fifty-cent table d'hôte, and the shows at Keith's and at Weber and Fields,—well, it's just local color laid on with a palette-knife.

And his cute speeches! Well, they're just out of sight!

Why, in one place, a girl is writing home to her mother about a pair of young lovers—and she won't describe their making-up after a quarrel, because, as she says, "there are some things so sacred that they make you sick!" Isn't that delicious?

Oh, yes, it's all in letters. Different letters, you know, written by the principal characters. But it's a story all the same; a regular, coherent story. Oh, yes. And it's very interesting, and about very interesting people.

Oh, you don't care for Howells? And you have enough books already?

Very well, Miss Flightly. Yes, I'll have them sent up. Good-afternoon, and thank you. Good-afternoon.

Well! I was surprised to see her come in for books. I didn't think she ever read anything. Now I know it.

Reviews

SANCTUARY. *By Edith Wharton.*
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
\$1.50.

BY HERBERT COPELAND

A GAIN Mrs. Wharton has given us a masterpiece in "Sanctuary." While this story has not, possibly, the perfection of finish shown in some of her short stories—"The Angel at the Grave," for instance—nor the sustained power and extraordinary learning of "The Valley of Decision," it has, perhaps, more of the human—it may appeal to a greater number of people. If this is so, it is a great gain, both for the people and for Mrs. Wharton. For the one fault that can be found with Mrs. Wharton is that her appeal is too narrow. In one sense this does not count against her, but against the people who, in not comprehending and admiring her, show a distinct lack of the nicest taste. This may sound arbitrary and harsh; but it is not, for this reason: Mrs. Wharton does not deal with abstruse questions; she does not, save occasionally in "The Valley of Decision," obtrude her learning, her style is not oppressive, is not perverse in its elaboration, like Pater's, nor in its obscurities like James's: she deals with very human problems in a very human way (for surely problems and ways may be human and still be refined and delicate, though the general attitude is that "human" is synonymous with "coarse"); therefore it does seem that there is something rather essential lacking in those who "do not care for" Mrs. Wharton's work, as would not, necessarily, be the

case if they did not care for Pater or James.

But, after this digression (the mere writing of Mrs. Wharton's name makes one wish to digress and use parentheses) let us return to this particular story. It certainly is more human, more emotional, that is, than her other work—one might perhaps say more moral. It is the history of a woman's attitude towards two fine-drawn points of honor which concern the men she loves. In the first case it is her betrothed who has sinned. In the second, it is her grown-up son, by this same man, who wavers. The first part shows the girl's horror and disgust at dishonesty; the second shows the mother's love and the woman's sympathy for a son who has inherited his father's weakness, and who is sorely tempted. Surely nothing could be finer or more human than these problems of honor, love and sympathy! And it is all very plainly put, despite the delicacy and the subtlety. And it is all so wonderfully done! The girl who was at first so horrified that any one whom she loved could be dishonest! The mother who, after twenty-five years of life with the world and her son, foresees dishonor—and guards, and helps, and is patient and silent, as only a true woman and mother can be.

And just here is Mrs. Wharton's great art shown. She omits twenty-five years from her story with only a few casual mentions of actual things that occurred during that time, and yet, so marvellously is the mother drawn, that you know all that happened; you can easily connect the loving girl and the devoted mother. It is perfectly evident how, and why, the

one developed into the other. The more you think of this, the more remarkable it seems. Fancy most writers omitting twenty-five years from a story, and the state you would be in trying to connect the characters!

It is hardly necessary to say that "Sanctuary," aside from the beauty and delicacy of the theme, is beautiful and delicate in all other matters pertaining to real literature. Mrs. Wharton from the very first (and how little while ago that was!) was among the brightest stars of the literary firmament: it can hardly be disputed that now she holds the foremost place among living women writers—at least those who write in English. It is greatly to the pleasure of Mrs. Wharton's readers that her publishers have always given her work a fitting and beautiful setting; "Sanctuary" is no exception, though, good as the illustrations are, the book would be better without them.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. By John Morley. In three volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$10.50 net.

BY FRANK B. TRACY

THE right of John Morley to write the story of Gladstone's life might have been contested by several great Britons, but one is well satisfied, after going through these three large volumes, that the fittest man was chosen. For John Morley was more continuously in touch with Gladstone's inner self than any other man. One wonders how Rosebery would have written of his premier or what Joseph Chamberlain would have said. Those would have been wonderful works, but neither will or could ever be written. One feels hesitant in attempting to characterize this work by fitting phrase. It has faults, curious failures to adjust the perspective of the picture at times, partisan statement of facts on several occasions, often a shading of criticism so as to screen the great leader from popular condemnation, and at other times a merciless desertion of the hero to the light of withering facts. But admitting

these defects, the work stands out as the most complete and faithful life of a modern great man yet written.

It is not easy to fix the rank of Gladstone among the men of the nineteenth century. Without doubt he was the most beloved public man in English political life during the period. No other of Britain's sons can lay claim to such extent and depth of the world's affections as he. There was in him a spiritual earnestness, a conscientiousness and devotion to duty which while they might be understood at times by few were respected by all. He did indeed uphold the golden lamp and in his adherence to right and righteousness, in the simplicity and purity of his life and ideals he stood forth as an example to all men everywhere. It was expectable that any man so near Gladstone as was Mr. Morley should have been blinded to the faults of the man and statesman, but on the whole Mr. Morley has stated the facts of that career in a clear and truthful way. So that while we are prone to laud the subject of this biography as a saint we shall not infer from Mr. Morley that Mr. Gladstone was an impeccable statesman. Indeed, those who have carelessly accepted the popular verdict of our time, that "Gladstone was the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century," will be almost appalled by the blunders which are here faithfully revealed. Did any great statesman ever make so many blunders!

Here are some of the chief ones as they flit across the reader's mind—that first anti-reform campaign (though stoned for by years devoted to the cause of democracy); Majuba Hill and its sequences; Chinese Gordon's death; the Home Rule campaign; and in American eyes greatest and most inexcusable of all, his indirect sanction of the rebellion of the South in 1861. Surely that is a damning record. And it explains, as one sees it before him in these pages, why so many Englishmen have confused us by denying statesmanship to him whom we have fondly called and yet call "The G. O. M."

I fancy that many discriminating readers when approaching this great work will turn first to Mr. Morley's state-

ment of these various blunders, in order to secure his version and possible defence of them.

Oxford's influence is undoubtedly to blame for his earlier anti-reform blunders. While an under-graduate there he had made a record for his ability in upholding the anti-reform cause in lyceum debates at the Oxford Union. Such scholastic influences are seldom permanent, especially when they are, as in this case, diametrically opposed to the student's nature. But it must be remembered that Gladstone had no time between graduation and election to Parliament to learn by contact with the world what his real opinions were and should be. College and university graduates in this country are not spared this experience, at once most valuable and unwelcome. But Gladstone was hurled at once into the political arena, being offered the nomination as we should call it, in the Newark district by the Tory Duke of Newcastle, while on his trip abroad just after graduation. It was thus that he became the "rising hope of the unbending Tories," as Macaulay termed him, and it took him almost twenty years to discover that he was in a wholly alien political atmosphere.

Majuba Hill is one of those incidents in the life of a nation about which men will wrangle interminably. Was it right to continue to deal diplomatically with an enemy in the face of a defeat by that enemy inflicted after the negotiations had begun? Gladstone and Morley and conscience say yes; but the English people have in this case upheld the "bloody," vengeful view of their queen. Certainly while it may have been right, it was unwise. But even more unwise and mischievous was the diplomatic settlement then made which did not define clearly and indisputably the relations between the Transvaal and the British Empire. That neglect had as a terrible heritage the South African war of 1899-1901.

Chinese Gordon, Mr. Gladstone never saw, but Mr. Morley quotes Gordon's letters as declaring that he understood that he was to go to the Soudan and evacuate it. That Gordon far exceeded that understanding and so met his fate

is now history. The question is whether the government was justified in its refusal to send or tardiness in sending him reinforcements when he became involved with the dervishes. The queen bitterly assailed Gladstone when the news of Gordon's death came, and history has again seemed to uphold her view.

When Mr. Morley comes to write of the Home Rule agitation, in which he was a leader, he grows even more careful and unbiased than before. He is especially fair toward Mr. Chamberlain and shows plainly how unwilling the Birmingham member was to desert Gladstone and how many times he made concessions to remain in the cabinet and party of his old leader.

Again does Gladstone show in the Home Rule campaign his devotion to right, his peculiar conscientiousness, and at the same time his lack of prudence and foresight. Courage he had too; but assuredly not wisdom. Hence the many after years of Conservative ascendancy.

Mr. Morley does not explain and Gladstone does not explain his deplorable attitude toward our Rebellion. In his memorandum written in 1896, he speaks of that hasty speech in which he declared "Jefferson Davis has made a nation" as "an undoubted error, the most singular and palpable, I may add the least excusable of them all."

And yet in spite of these astounding and vast errors, the world obstinately will not lose one atom of its love for him. It will point with Mr. Morley at his great triumph of reducing the burdens of taxation, of his courage in battling for army and fiscal reform and carrying his point by infinite labor and the power of genius, of his reformation of the tariff, of his extensions of popular power, of his labors for religious equality, of his defiance to Turkey and his work of breaking the Ottoman hold on the Powers of Europe, and of his courage in carrying through to arbitration the Alabama claims. "At least he was pilot enough to bring many valuable cargoes safely home."

Perhaps as a result of these achievements but greater than them in making

up his reputation was the world-wide impression that he was a noble, true, Christian statesman. In the face of this impression, blunders do not count. It is the soul of the man and not his acts which has thrilled and held mankind.

Of the manner in which Mr. Morley has done his work one cannot speak in too high terms of praise. He has had, it is true, access to a vast mass of memoranda and correspondence left by the great Liberal and has used much of it in the work, one of its most delightful features. Many new views are thus given of the subject and our debt to the author is made heavier. Throughout this titanic task he has kept events and episodes in their even, logical relations and to every figure he has accorded its full and right measure of importance. Emphatically one of the great books of our time.

THE STRIFE OF THE SEA. *By T. Jenkins Hains. The Baker-Taylor Company, New York. \$1.50.*

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

AMONG book-reviewing persons two sorts are ideal—first, the individual who knows all that can be known of the book's subject-matter; second, the one who knows nothing at all. As regards "The Strife of the Sea," I am happy to proclaim myself in the latter class. Indeed, upon many counts I like nearly always to belong to it—one can speak with such large and noble freedom lacking the trammels of knowledge—or the gyves and fetters of half-knowledge, most narrowing of all. By experience I am, at the most, but a ferry-boat navigator, with only such sea-lore as may have been filtered in through the eyes and the minds of other folk.

Notwithstanding, a steady appetite for sea-stuff, and especially sea-fiction, bestows some small havings of what is, I make no doubt, very choice misinformation. From Marryat, beloved of my youth, I gather for instance, that in a sea-fight such as Nelson delighted in, the safest place aboard ship was the exact spot where the first solid shot had struck

—the odds being something like forty thousand to one that it would not be struck again, although the fighting ran on for a year. At least the ship's carpenter thought so—and if he didn't know, who should, I pray you tell me? Then there are other most choice bits culled from my dear friend Midshipman Easy—who along with Peter Simple, quite spoiled my taste for the hoarse and roaring, or super-heroic sea-dogs, of the Clark Russell breed. I really think gentlemen of that kidney would toss you up an ocean of their own all in a whiff, if by chance there was pressing need of it—say no other way of getting a ship home to make the hero's fortune, or else to provide proper isolation for the newly risen volcanic isle whereon hero and heroine are playing something which recalls "Romeo and Juliet" crossed with "Paul and Virginia."

Still I am not laying up things against the tellers of modern sea-tales—as a story-carpenter, a fellow-feeling forbids. I know to the full the strain of getting one's people properly into scrapes that it appears even a ghost could not get out of, yet bringing them up smiling, right as a trivet, not even rumped, and ready for the benediction and the Wedding March. All this tedious-brief prologue is but meant to give a chance of saying properly the things that needs must be said concerning "The Strife of the Sea."

It lives nobly up to its title. The sea is all through it—also the strife. But it is not the hackneyed strife of man with man, nor man with the elements, nor even of greed, the strongest human passion, against wrath, the strongest passion of the sea. It is the sea folk themselves in the main, who leap to slaughter. Human beings are but incidentals—parts of the background. Indeed if I were called to sum the book in a phrase I should call it an under-surface epic of blue water. The writer of it is either a marvellous realist, or a still more marvellous master of imagination. I myself prefer to believe him a realist—by this same token I have seen the Master's Certificate which attests, beyond peradventure, his twenty years of service on the deep blue sea. I

happen to know further that this sea-master has voyaged far and wide—rounded "the Horn," run before every Trade wind that blows, fought up and down through "the roaring forties" and idled happily through weeks of gleaming calm in glassy southern seas.

No—I don't think it is imagining. For one thing truth is so much stranger—and easier—than fiction. Especially truth of this sort—about King Albicore, and the Ship's Follower, Johnny Shark, the Logger-Head, the piteous Old Man of Sand Key. Each and all they have something of Homeric strength. Since I bear Captain Hains no grudge I spare him that well-worn and serviceable phrase "the Kipling of the sea." He is no Kipling—nobody indeed but himself—and in this especial form of sea-story-telling: "None but himself can be his parallel." This I set down in all tempered judgment. He has not quite "found himself"—but that will come. By and by there will be a little more of orderly arrangement, a somewhat more dramatic marching of fact with fact. As yet he is boyishly prodigal—throwing into side sentences and paragraphs stuff that would serve a thrifty person for the staple of a whole story. To win those gentlemen the hyper-critics, he needs to prune and retrench a bit. But when he has pruned and retrenched, cut and clipped, and made him ship-shape aloft and aloft, by all the rules of grammar, and literary grammarye, I doubt if he will be quite so fascinating, or to the full as acceptable, to the reading person, who reads for the thrill of it, and is forever in search of delicious creepy-crawly chills up and down the backbone.

To all such here is a message and a warning. If you care to see the marvels of the deep through eyes singularly clear-sighted, singularly keen, read "The Strife of the Sea": if you hate to have your heart wrung, your sleep haunted by astounding shapes and depths of dumb tragedy, let it alone. For this is the Law of the Sea: Kill or be slain, eat or be eaten! The strength of the sea, and its creatures, the same as the strength of the land and its creatures, strikes its primal root in unceasing slaughter.

THE DIVINE ADVENTURE, by *Fiona Macleod*, \$1.00 net; *DEIRDRE*, by *Fiona Macleod*, \$1.00 net; *THE HOUSE OF USNA*, by *Fiona Macleod*, \$1.50 net. *Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.*

BY ISABEL MOORE

AMONG the reprints offered those to whom Mr. Mosher's publications are always a delight are three volumes by Fiona Macleod, who, so far from being as she herself has said "the obscure chronicler of obscure things," is becoming a widely recognized spiritual force in the world of letters. "The Divine Adventure" has been most imitatively defined by Ernest Rhys as an intense fable of the spirit; and is indeed the perfection of the Gaelic mysticism whose regeneration, because more human, bids fair to outdo the ascetic mystery of belief that holds the body and soul to be enemies and woman a snare of the devil. It is a solemn, dispassionate, tender and all-embracing parable of aspiration, containing very little of Miss Macleod's frequent fantasy, and in its kindly instructiveness sometimes suggestive of a morality play. The story is of how the brotherhood of the three-in-one, Body, Will and Soul, go forth as three good friends, yet independently, to seek the solution of the problems of life and death: or as they put it, their quest is to realize each their version of the Heart's Desire: Prayer, and Hope and Peace; Dream, and Rest and Longing; Laughter, and Wine and Love;—shadowy analogues of the joyous Infinite. At one accord are they and yet at variance, for the Will is a condition, the Soul a breath, and the Body, form. Each is pulled away, at times, apart from his comrades, yet always do they meet again upon the road; and together they wander far and ponder many things. Time and chance happen to them all until, finally, the Body lies a-dying at the Inn of the Crossways, and the triune personality is new-born—indivisible and spiritual—to realize the supreme truth that "in the deepest sense there is no spiritual dream that is not true, no hope that shall for ever go famished, no tears that shall not be gathered into the brooding skies of compassion, to fall again in healing dews."

"Deirdr " and the drama entitled "The House of Usna" are in substance one tale—the latter a poignant epilogue to the former—that is, a new rendering of the "high lift of love" which comes to us from out "the dim beautiful past whose shadows sleep, in lengthening fans of twilight, across the sunset lands of the imagination." The story of Dierdr , the image of desire; of Deirdr , the personification of beauty; of Deirdr , the fire-brand of the gods; is an oft told tale in ancient legend; but Fiona Macleod has by her inevitable charm of appropriation made it her own. In a case of such re-telling there can of necessity be but little creative originality, yet given the veriest opportunity and how immediately perceptible is the master grasp, as in, for example, the Lament of Deirdr  on leaving the happy exile home of Alba, which is a most exquisite paraphrase of the song as given by Dr. Cameron in the "Reliquiae Celticae": distinct in quality and original in poetic values.

This same quiet strength of touch is infinitely increased in the climactic drama "The House of Usna." "Deirdr " is a tale that is told: "The House of Usna" is an intensely emotional moment. It presents the "silent arrivals of destiny" by the manner in which Conobar, greatest of Ultonian Kings,—raging, thwarted, despairing,—is brought by the stern instruction of the Druid to realize that the death of Deirdr  is not only his personal loss but the greater undoing of the wonder and mystery called Beauty. For Deirdr  is the symbol of beauty, as Cravethen the Harper personifies the voice of the fallen House of Usna, and as Conobar is the ravage of uncontrolled passion.

The love of Beauty is ever athirst among mankind. In "The House of Usna" there is a voicing of this ideal, than which no lovelier has ever been uttered:

"Dim face of Beauty haunting all the world,
Fair face of Beauty all too fair to see,
Where the last stars adown the heavens are hurled,

There, there alone for thee
May white peace be.

"For here, where all the dreams of men
are whirled
Like sere, torn leaves of autumn to and fro,
There is no place for thee in all the world,
Who drifted as a star,
Beyond, afar."

Symbolically, therefore, the death of Deirdr  means the death of Beauty, and the ravings of Conobar represent the dearth of man without her. In turn has Conobar the King betrayed and killed his friends, plunged his country in war, broken up the Red Branch Cycle, outraged his own kinglihood, and brought about the death of Deirdr . His immoderate desire for that which was not his has wrought the extremes of disaster among all he loved. So blind is he that at the end of the Druid's instruction he says: "Druid, it is the will of man that compels the gods, not the gods who compel man," to which the Druid replies with far different intent: "The gods *are* the will of man. For good and for evil the gods *are* the will of man."

And yet—and yet—"Deirdr  is dead! Deirdr  the Beautiful is dead, is dead!" as the boy, Main , chants slowly with long rise and fall upon his reed-flute.

THE FOREST. By Stewart Edward White. The Outlook Co., New York.
\$1.50.

By J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

IN these short stories and sketches of outdoor life in the Northwest, Mr. White is absolutely "at home." He is doing something that he knows thoroughly how to do, something at which he has no peer, something which, if persevered in will make his name one of the noblest in the literature of his country. We believe he holds approximately the same place as an interpreter of the forest that Conrad holds as an interpreter of

the sea. Each of these authors has the sharpest scrutiny, the most developed habit of observation in all that affects the subject of his peculiar interest, yet neither is a slave of external fact, neither submerges himself in detail. Mr. White, as well as Mr. Conrad, rises when occasion calls to the highest bidding of the imagination.

In looking over the present book we gratefully feel first of all that the writer has come back to the mood that inspired him to give us "The Blazed Trail"; the artificiality and parade of "Conjuror's House" are nowhere in sight. He allows once more the story to tell itself, he chats and imagines, has his joke or his mighty truth to bring out, bathes us as it were in that primeval freshness, that golden glory of life, where lakes and rivers and woods with their native creatures, where the sky with its shadowy wonders, where the virgin earth with its compelling peace engender in us some passion so mysterious and charming as to make us feel we walk in a new paradise alone. Many of the stories are, in a certain sense, trivial; some of the sketches are little more than the writer's experience in ordinary camp life with directions how to do things handily, etc. But they all have the *note*, the peculiar vibration which, issuing from the writer's enthusiasm and consequent insight, saves him unerringly from the commonplace. There is a certain large hopefulness about Stewart Edward White's stories, a certain manly faith in the righteousness of things that stimulates, strengthens and makes one believe in him. He comes with the message of the dripping leaves, of the chiming rapids, of the deep, cool forest with its solitary roaming denizens, and he gives us that message as simply as he received it. No affectation, no Thompson-Setonish sentimentality, no nature trickery mar the writings of this amply talented man; his eye is so keen and his narrative so clear and trustworthy, he has no need to fabricate and furbish. "The Forest" will make a capital Christmas present for any outdoor person or for indoor persons who like outdoor literature; and we can specially recommend it for the perusal of sensible boys and girls in their "teens."

THE FIVE NATIONS. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. \$1.40, net.

By BLISS CARMAN

POOR Mr. Kipling!

The poet's lot in a democratic age is not so happy, after all. Of old he was accustomed to the patronage of wealth and station; now he must accustom himself to the patronage of the people. Aforetime he must buy his living by the forfeiture of his independence and, as we should regard it, his self-respect. Now he must earn his living by writing to please the public. He no longer serves a single master, but in the changed times must serve everybody. If in his youth he takes our fancy with some new note, we laud him to the skies; if he fails to change his tune with our caprice, we damn his work for his pains. We demand of him that he shall sing of near and practical things and everyday matters coming within the scope of our precious intelligence; and behold, when he does so, we cry, "Give us something more poetical!" That now famous saying of a certain New York landholder and financier with regard to the public was extremely reprehensible—in him. But there are occasions when the words in the mouth of a modern artist would hardly seem blameworthy—certainly not more blameworthy than the genuine outburst of the poet-king when he exclaimed "All men are liars!"

We have acclaimed Mr. Kipling with thunders of applause for the modernness of his poems, for his ability to see the romance in modern invention, modern strenuousness, modern imperialism; and now because his latest book gives us these things more exclusively than ever, we cry out upon him for not giving us teachings upon other and more spiritual themes. Verily, our clamor of dissatisfaction over "The Five Nations" must sound not a little discordant.

To be quite truthful, the book is disappointing, but only because it follows "The Seven Seas." We are forgetting, I dare say, how incomparably fresh and salient that volume was. But we must not forget that the seven years interven-

ing between the two books were largely given up by Mr. Kipling to actively interesting himself in the affairs of his country. He was a close on-looker at the war in South Africa, and he gave himself and his poetic gifts generously to criticism of his countrymen during that struggle. He was willing to become a political rhymester and pamphleteer, if in the emergency he could at all help his people to wiser action. For this we should praise him. And we should reflect on our own folly in asking poetry to be practical. It isn't the business of poetry to be practical; it is its business to be essentially impractical, to provide us with impossible ideals and chimerical loyalties, to give us sentiments and standards other than those we find in real life, and more noble. It is the business of poetry, as of all the arts, to reflect life accurately, and at the same time to glorify it,—just as a mirror reflects objects, and yet surrounds them with a certain glamour they do not reveal to the naked eye.

It is Mr. Kipling's preëminent characteristic as a poet that he can thus portray everyday life accurately, while at the same time he makes it yield all its inherent romance for our stimulation and enjoyment. In "Gunga Din," in the ever memorable "Mandalay," in "The Song of the Banjo," he has pictured things as they are, not merely as they seem. He is a realist, if you will, but not a surface realist. He has given us the facts which every eye may see, and he has also pointed out the haze of poetry surrounding those facts like a dim mirage, which the average eye, when left to itself, is pretty sure to miss. He has done this as it has not been done before in English poetry, with an inescapable and convincing power. It is this which gives him his great hold upon us,—his treatment of "the little things we care about," the near at hand and familiar. We follow him with easy delight, when the high moods of Shelley or Wordsworth would hardly lure us a step. We can see with his eyes

"The naked feet on the cool dark floors,
And the high-ceiled rooms that the
Trade blows through;"

and with his ears,

"We hear the Hottentot herders
As the sheep click past to the fold,
And the click of the restless girders
As the steel contracts in the cold."

Here certainly is all the old marvel of trenchant description with which we grew familiar in "The Seven Seas," and the earlier volumes. What Mr. Kipling has put in the mouth of "Our Lady of the Snows" might well be said of himself,

"My speech is clean and single,
I talk of common things."

From cover to cover this new volume is full of incomparable telling phrases and haunting lines such as no other writer can invent,—the passing event, the novel situation, the alien atmosphere, the common, the outlandish, the picturesque, the noble, and the ragged, all caught and held in that snap-shot style,—which preserves the colors too.

But there is more than power of the phrase, there is power of the spirit behind the phrase. Mr. Kipling himself has done no finer song of the sea than "The Bell Buoy," no more alluring song of the wild than "The Feet of the Young Men." Many readers have been waiting for these poems to appear in more permanent form, since they were first given to the public some years ago. Poems like "Recessional," and "The White Man's Burden," already have a certain established fame, so that they come to us as old friends rather than as new acquaintances. Of no other writer of English verse could such a thing be said, and we must seem graceless not to receive "The Five Nations" with more enthusiasm than it is evoking.

Again, it is customary to treat Mr. Kipling's poetry as lacking in moral or spiritual qualities, and he is not indeed a prophet of the soul with all its viewless sanctions which transcend the reach of reason. But the feeling with which he approaches the problems of his race and time is eminently sober. "The White Man's Burden" alone should be a sufficient creed for the imperialist. It gives the more generous and conscientious presentation of the expansion of English-

speaking peoples, it imposes upon us our responsibilities in soberness and truth, it points to duties of no light sort. The lines in memory of Rhodes, too, give us the best and most disinterested interpretation of that imposing character. Mr. Kipling, in short, sees in the extension of the Empire not mere national aggrandizement, but racial betterment. He perceives, let us be sure, in the turmoil and stress of human affairs a certain very definite work to be done. He is not so much concerned with

"Some far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves,"

as with the much nearer problems which press for instant solution, and which are quite as important here and now in securing our feet in the way of perfection.

Whether Mr. Kipling will eventually take a place among the great English poets, who shall say? He does not always enter the field of pure poetry. Where he has done so, as in "The First Chanty" and "The Ballad of East and West," his achievement has been surpassingly fine. I am one of those who find themselves forced to believe there is more poetry in him than ever comes forth,—that he is too English in his dislike of giving expression to the deeper feelings, and that if he would turn his wonderful powers more frequently to less obvious, less occasional and transitory themes, we should have in him a poet commensurate to the times. One can say no more than that.

Meanwhile here is much admirable poetry which it will do us good to heed. Technically it is nearly all good, though I fancy I detect here and there a slight faltering in Mr. Kipling's delightfully lucid style, while the last two lines of the "Dedication" are surprisingly bad.

A FOREST HEARTH: A ROMANCE OF INDIANA IN THE THIRTIES. By Charles Major. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

MR. Major began his literary career with a novel of astounding popularity; and, for all the æsthete's scoffing at the "many-headed beast," a

book possessing the elusive quality of human interest must have merit and deserves our applause and gratitude. "When Knighthood Was in Flower" possessed this quality to a superlative degree. It gave a thousand shocks to a sensitive taste, but it was, as Maurice Thompson said, "a good story." In fact, the story was so good that it bore repetition successfully. "Dorothy Vernon," Mr. Major's second novel, was his first retold with variations.

Now he breaks completely away from the heroics of Tudor history, and turns to the bucolic life of early Indiana. Tilt-yard and bower know him no more; henceforth his delight is in the church social, the spelling bee, and the idyllic game of drop the handkerchief. The scene is so novel that one is hoodwinked for the moment into believing that the plot is novel, too. Gradually one realizes a disappointment. The selfish mother who dotes on the wicked son and illtreats the peerless daughter; the henpecked father who is an utter fool in business; the villain who holds the mortgage on the farm and, by threats of exposing the wicked son and ruining the foolish father, almost forces the peerless daughter into marriage; the true lover who is led astray by a pair of unprincipled dimples; these, indeed, are new to Mr. Major's pen but they are very old furniture in the second-hand shops of bookland. To some of these stock characters Mr. Major imparts an individuality by the exaggeration of peculiarities.

Mr. Major's most persistent trait is his admiration of his own characters. The trait is engaging, but it is also dangerous. So long as it carries the reader with it, it is sure to add that elusive quality of human interest (*vide* Walter Scott). If, however, the reader begins to suspect that the admiration is misplaced, every outburst irritates him. We are continually informed that Miss Rita Bays is honest "from the top of her head to the tips of her toes." But, though pervaded by truth even to the extremities, she breaks promises with a delightful nonchalance. By all odds the most original personality of the story is Billy Little, sometime friend of Beau Brummel, now

storekeeper and justice of the peace on Blue. There have been two ways in fiction to make such an old bachelor attractive: either he remains pathetically true to a thwarted romance of his youth, or else he secretly cherishes a hopeless passion for the young and blooming heroine. Mr. Major, intent on giving the book-buyer his money's worth of admiration, keeps both methods going at once. It takes expert jugglery to do this.

With each new book he shows a marked advance in style and art. There are, I believe, but two grammatical errors in "A Forest Hearth." Much of the natural description has a serene and quiet beauty. The course of love in the virgin heart is traced with tenderness. To offset this progress he yields more and more to the impulse to step before the curtain for a bit of moralizing. Here he is not always in his element. "We all know," he remarks, "that there is a fascination about those who have lived through a moment of terrible ordeal and have been equal to its demands. The toreador has his way with the Spanish dons and señoritas alike. The high-rope dancer and the trapeze girl attract us by a subtle spell." Well, every one to his taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow! In another place he asks, "Why should I dwell upon poor Sukey's peccadilloes as if she were responsible for her sins? Who is responsible for either sin or virtue?" Who indeed? What a comfortable doctrine! One is tempted to apply to Mr. Major, Goethe's famous sentence on Lord Byron, "*Sobald er reflectirt, ist er ein Kind.*"

D. L. C.

THE TRIFLER. By Archibald Eyre.
Smart Set Pub. Co., New York. \$1.50.

A CLEVER book, a very clever book! Mr. Eyre has succeeded in making an original plot, and by skilful exposition and handling, in making that plot interesting. He never allows the reader's attention to droop, but by ringing all the changes on the old chord of suspense, compels him to keep on; even when, wearied slightly by the book's innate artificiality, the reader has the im-

pulse to toss it aside. "The Trifler" is of the breed of detective stories but it is done with more refinement, more knowledge of the world than they. It ought to sell, it ought to become popular, and then—Mr. Eyre's novel ought to be fixed up for the stage and prove a dramatic success, for it has the proper theatrical elements.

Let none of our readers think we will give away the plot. It is fantastic, far-fetched and untrue to life, but none the less it is good enough for the tale and holds one spellbound to the last page; we have ourselves enjoyed "The Trifler" too much to wish to endanger it here for others who like a good swift story full of situation and flight. The following words may have the effect, however, to whet the appetite of some loungers looking about for just this kind of thing, and we therefore explain that the case is one where a gentleman of the best London society has, through a rash act which he does in order to help his titled sister-in-law in a love matter in which she is gravely involved, opened himself to the charge of being a thief. Whatever he does, wherever he goes, this by no means imaginary peril confronts him. Explanation would be an easy matter in itself, did it not compromise the good name of the lady; and, as she is of a disposition not especially generous, it is clear that the hero has much trouble. Throughout the story we are tempted to have a peep at the end of the book—throughout the story we are made to feel there are "breakers ahead!"

J. S. D.

TO-MORROW'S TANGLE. By Geraldine Bonner. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.

IF, in this day of the problem-play and the psychologic in fiction you've guarded a suspicious fondness for pure melodrama, founded on historic happenings, and are not ashamed to own it, go boldly forth and possess yourself of a copy of this book; take an afternoon off and revel in a genuine, old-time sensational thrill begotten of stirring, blood-curdling situations that appeal to the

gallery. But, when the last thrill has vibrated and cool realism once more claims you, don't unjustly berate the author because she has descended to melodrama; it comes in no disguise and is a faithful recording of conditions in California in its unconquered virgin period. To many notable writers these pioneer days of dire stress and primordial sway have furnished theme for song and story, but none have presented a more vivid picture of the period and its types than Miss Bonner gives in her powerful prologue: with firm, sharp strokes of pen-color she shows us, rugged and brutal of instinct, teeming along the emigrant trails across these desert stretches of arid, wind-blown plains, with the foot-hills of the Sierras "folding back upon one another in cool, blue shadows" in the near distances of the rarefied atmosphere, this scum of civilization, of Mormon brood; human vultures are these, drawn on by scent of prey to their gorge and glut of gold that, with its demon lure, rouses all inhuman and evil passions. And when the curtain rings down on this impressive preface we have well watched the sowing of tares, in profligate disregard, that are reaped in a whirlwind of bitter consequences.

Follows a wild revel of incident and elaboration, carrying you along with a foolish enthusiasm that minds you of happy adolescence, when a circus with but one ring was a tropical event; and gingerbread furnished an emotional episode equivalent to Maillard's bon-bons,—with no after qualms of indigestion and introspection. So you suffer with the beautiful heroine, struggle and exult with the manly hero, plot and glower with the thwarted villain and, when virtue has triumphed, vice been punished and all ended happily, just as you knew it would from the very first, with marriage bells and sweet content of right living in one of God's great breathing places of California's mining territory, you may not have gained great store of philosophy but, under the captivating spell of the story, you have forgotten your erstwhile ennui and renewed some of youth's emotions.

A. L.

PA GLADDEN: THE STORY OF A COMMON MAN. By Elizabeth Cherry Walts. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

THERE is something about these stories curiously compelling. As it is not nature, in the sense of the stories being real; nor art, in the sense of a finished literary style; it must be the (in some quarters despised) "heart quality" which makes them appeal to the reader, be he of a simple mind and easily pleased, or be he critical and apt to carp at that touch of nature which is said to make the whole world kin. The present writer confesses that, as a rule, he does not care for stories labelled "of a common man" (and he certainly thinks it a big mistake to use that sub-title in this book) and that he had avoided reading the stories as they came out, and that it was not with enthusiasm that he received the book for review. But, having read the first story—"The Mystery Play,"—in which a foundling is born in a barn on Christmas Eve, he immediately felt again that it is not safe to judge by appearances, and with prejudice. When he had finished "The Vision," where the delayed mind of the child is awakened by the kindness and wholesome care of Pa and Ma Gladden, he was sure he had come upon a good book. And with occasional ups and downs of feelings, for the stories are by no means equally good, he finished the other twelve stories. His final and serious feeling is that "Pa Gladden" is the best book of the kind he has read. This is not, perhaps, saying so much as the use of the superlative (a dangerous use) implies, for he has not read many of "its kind," nor, even in the light of his present pleasure in this particular book, does he approve the kind. It is too crude in attitude, too definite in its appeal to the more evident and superficial emotions, too narrow in application, to rank high in the world of fiction; and yet it accomplishes what better work often tries to accomplish, and fails in, it does "move" the reader. "What more can be desired?" might be asked. Some of us prefer to admire as well as to be moved. To cause both admiration and to rank high in the world of fiction; and naturally few stories reach this point, and

we can hardly blame an author for failing. Mrs. Waltz has frankly aimed but at one, and in that she is eminently successful; therefore she is to be heartily commended and congratulated, and we sincerely hope and believe that "Pa Gladden" will have the success which it thoroughly deserves.

J. W. H.

THE BONDAGE OF BALLINGER. By Roswell Field. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.25.

THE author of this gracious little book is the brother of the late Eugene Field and has enjoyed some years of residence in Boston, where he had an editorial position on *The Youth's Companion*. So that heredity, environment and training would appear to point logically to a literary achievement quite of the character of "The Bondage of Ballinger."

It is a charming tale with a humor and delicacy of treatment quite its own. Ballinger is in bondage to his books. He is dominated by the potent lure of a "first edition"; of the precious time whose value is, as à Kempis says, "like that of things from afar;" of the exquisite elegance of an Elzevir. There is no telling what his fate would have been had "little Quaritch" been easily accessible to his greedy, fastidious literary maw and his, alas! ever scantily replenished purse. What it was, Mr. Field tells with exquisite fitness of feeling and of style.

Mr. Field has a velvety, purring humor, whose tender charm plays lambently over this gentle theme. His style is smooth and finished. One takes pleasure in contemplating the Bondage of Ballinger through his sympathetic eyes.

B. J. B.

A LISTENER IN BABEL. By Vida D. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

IN this book Miss Scudder has tried an interesting experiment and, what is more, she has succeeded in making an interesting book. The subtitle reads:

"being a series of imaginary conversations held at the close of the last century." This admirably covers the ground, for the book is practically all "talk," but it is clever and amusing talk, nearly always suggestive, occasionally inspiring, usually sensible, sometimes brilliant and witty, almost never tiresome—and there are 322 pages of it.

The scheme of the book is as follows—a highly educated, refined, and sensitive young woman, dissatisfied with her mediocre ability as an artist, and filled with the world-weariness and a sense that she must "do" something, leaves Florence and her luxurious life to go home to America and take up work in a college settlement. Here she lives two years, and meets anarchists, socialists, young women with careers, charity workers, ministers, and the hopeless, poverty-stricken, hard-working "neighbors." All talk together on all sorts of subjects, though mostly connected with sociological questions and the general bettering of mankind. Nothing happens, and at the end Miss Scudder does not, very wisely, pretend to have settled the question, either for the world or for her particular characters. It may be objected: what is the use of all this talk if it doesn't get anywhere? The answer is simple: does talk ever get anywhere, and yet is it not one of the greatest pleasures and profits of life? Do we not gain from good talk more enlightenment, more new ideas, more different outlooks on the world than from any other source? This can hardly be disputed. Therefore this book, because it is very excellent talk, should be of pleasure and value to every one who cares for quiet enjoyment and the entertaining, though serious, discussion of important matters in present-day life.

To repeat: the book is eminently worth while, and, though not one to be taken up idly, or by a reader seeking only amusement, it is not stupidly didactic, it is not "heavy reading"; it is clever and entertaining as well as serious and suggestive, and it can hardly fail to appeal to any one interested,—and that should be every one,—in social questions and good literary work.

H. C.

CHERRY. *By Booth Tarkington. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.*

THE device of making a cad the self-revealing narrator of a story has been used several times in contemporary fiction. In Mr. Weyman's "Shrewsbury" it is the cowardly cad, who sees the world through yellow glasses. In Mr. Davis's "Captain Macklin" it is the courageous cad, whose spectacles are blood-red. And now Mr. Tarkington presents the pedantic cad, whose gaze is either on his books or on himself.

Mr. Sudgeberry, the stultified prig of "Cherry" is a pious youth, with a remarkable memory for Latin orations, a remarkable vocabulary of sesquipedalian words, a remarkable supply of breath, a most remarkable *amour-propre*, and a preëminently remarkable lack of humor. To make this humorless man, with his "sad stupidity of soul," the reflector of a lively comedy of love is itself a rare stroke of artistic humor. Put opposite him a pretty coquette with wit and bright-colored ribbons, make a daring young buck his rival, add for spice a rollicking old Irishman and a bibulous landlord, set them all down on the Jersey road at Christmas-tide in 1762,—and you have an idea of the comic possibilities of plot and character. From the first page the reader feels a piquant satisfaction. His smile gradually broadens into a grin, and at last possibly into a guffaw,—if he's given to boisterous mirth.

The style of "Cherry" is carefully and humorously in character. The gayety is all the more delicious because it must always be seen through the stratum of Sudgeberry's sodden conceit. Even a slinking dog is pedantically described as "bearing his tail concavely on the inner curve." Yet occasionally one rejoices to hear the voice of the real Mr. Tarkington from behind the mask,—the charming voice of the genuine stylist. "Darkness fell upon us with a malevolent solidity," says this voice in one place, "like a black bag cast over the head."

The story was first published several years ago in serial form. It was doubtless conceived and in part executed while Mr. Tarkington, more than a century

and a quarter after Mr. Sudgeberry, was himself a student at "Nassau Hall," for it still retains a trace of the undergraduate spirit of horse-play. "Cherry" means a merry hour; it is fresh and buoyant; but its sole claim to serious consideration lies in the fact that by clever characterization a farcical episode is lifted to the place of comedy. It is too slight a performance to compare with the almost perfect workmanship of "Monsieur Beaucaire," and it does nothing to alter the impression that the road to Mr. Tarkington's *magnum opus* runs through Indiana and leads somewhere beyond the "Gentleman."

D. L. C.

LOVE, THE FIDDLER. *By Lloyd Osbourne. McClure, Phillips & Company, New York. \$1.25.*

IN this modest collection of five short stories, the couples for whom Love fiddles, tread their measures with a certain gravity. But if the sweet note of love is in all, its timbre is pleasantly varied, thanks to a pretty ingenuity of Mr. Osbourne's. A young engineer loves a maid who inherits a million and is distracted from the theme of love by such beguilements as travel, gowns, a steam-yacht and the attentions of various swains. He cheekily applies to her for the position of chief engineer on her pleasure craft. She gives him the job, and what she grants him later a critic may not state.

The best story is "The Awakening of George Raymond." Here not only the poor man marries the rich lady, but the two are "fair and forty." It is possible, of course, for Love to fiddle even for such middle-aged victims. But to charm a reader by such belated amorousness is rather a *tour de force*. Mr. Osbourne accomplishes it. He first interests you in poor George, who has suffered all his life from the virtues of a rigid mother and his own. So it is a joyous relief to see a change in the "apron-strings."

Mr. Osbourne is not too humorous, though he introduces an amusing figure in "The Mascot of Battery B," the mamma of one of the soldiers who was shot in the Philippines. She had come out to take

care of him, and when she found him dead, she turned in and took care of the Battery.

Happily, in these brisk, wholesome love tales, the author does not strain himself to make "smart talk." He is natural in his use of conversation, and delightful touches of character illumine his narration. Altogether, it is a very creditable collection, not masterly, but showing quality.

B. J. B.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS. *By Jack London. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.00, net.*

THIS book is a picture of the East End of London as the author found it in the summer of 1902. He lived among its people, passing as an American sailor looking for a ship, and he thus came to know intimately the desperate conditions attaching to life in the slums. While it is possible that the picture is overdrawn, yet the author presents so much corroborative evidence in the way of reports and statistics that one is forced to trust his statements. To say that the story he tells here is a veritable book of horrors is not to overstate the impression it creates. His experiences show better than can any royal commission why the physique of the English people is deteriorating. The pitiable, awful condition of industry in London is rapidly grinding away the stamina, mental and physical, of the poor wretches who have to work there for their daily bread. The author declares that the third generation of people born in the East End of London practically passes out of existence and he shows that the average age at death of these people is thirty years, that 55 per cent. of the children die before they are five years of age, and that in all England 500,000 men, women and children engaged in the various industries are each year killed or disabled or are injured to disablement by disease!

Mr. London in his final chapter arraigns the government of Great Britain for this slaughter and he declares that unless the system of government is changed Great Britain must perish as a

nation. It is almost amusing (if it were not so horrible) in the light of these awful facts to read any of the speeches which are being delivered in England these days by those who are resisting the proposed fiscal changes on the ground that labor's condition in England to-day is excellent.

To the student or sociologist, but above all to the general reader, this is an important, valuable and interesting book. It has very many illustrations and is well arranged.

F. B. T.

THE GOLDEN FETICH. *By Eden Phillpotts. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

IF there were any other name but that of Mr. Philpotts upon the title-page of "The Golden Fetich," it would be easy to give the story an amiable word of praise. It deals with African adventure, inspired by the finding of an odd little piece of gold and a paper describing some buried treasure, written by an Englishman before his death among the savages. With this clue Roy Meldrum, his friend Tracy Fain, and Lord Winstone, a hunter of big game, set out upon an expedition into the heart of the Dark Continent. Their career is enlivened by a shipwreck on the way, and by a love episode which leads to the inclusion of Meldrum's affianced in an undertaking certainly not fit for a woman. From this point the narrative contains the anticipated hardships and dangers, the hairbreadth escapes, that ingenuity suggests. The dedication of the story suggests that the author had boys in mind when he wrote; but the general tone of the book is not more childish than is usual, and it may therefore be regarded as a full-blown novel. From an impersonal point of view, there is little to be said about it; such importance as it has comes from the authorship. Probably most readers of "Children of the Mist" and "Sons of the Morning" will regret that Mr. Philpotts should bestow his time upon work so unworthy of him. It would be a counsel of perfection, perhaps, to insist that under no circumstances should he

turn from the serious subjects in the treatment of which he has already approved himself a master. But surely the historian of that corner of the world which Blackmore and Hardy have made a centre of human interest, the one novelist of to-day who seems to have something of their sacred fire, has a duty beyond that of the merely clever craftsman. None of Mr. Phillpotts' readers is likely to accept with satisfaction anything less worthy than what he has already given them. "The Golden Fetich" is a mistake that should not be repeated.

E. F.

THE SHERRODS. By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.

IN all things Mr McCutcheon is one of the most modern of novelists, and in "The Sherrods" he has epitomized the styles in fiction for 1903. In these piping days of degenerate morals we no longer believe in honest, out-and-out heroes and villains. We know too well the goodness of a bad man and the badness of a good man, and the broad distinctions that once existed no longer hold good. Mr. McCutcheon has caught the passing taste so well that he has made the hero of his book a bigamist and his villain a prodigy of unselfishness. Equally is it true that "The Sherrods" falls into none of the old convenient categories. It is neither a novel of manners, nor a psychological novel, nor a historical, romantic, realistic, social, or rural novel; but something of all these. Nobody can tell whether its chief end is the picture of primitive conditions in Clay township, Indiana, the representation of high life in Chicago, the glimpses of newspaperdom, the study of Jud Sherrod's character, or the elucidation of the moral question whether a newspaper artist and a bigamist can be a decent sort of a fellow after all.

On the score of originality, the last consideration may perhaps be considered the chief *raison d'être* of "The Sherrods." The bigamist has heretofore scarcely received his just dues in fiction.

Everyone knows that he exists plentifully, and it is time we had the novelist's opinion of him. Mr. McCutcheon has drawn him ingeniously as a young genius who goes up from the country to Chicago with a few dollars and a portfolio of sketches, leaving his young wife alone in his old home. He wins immediate and rather astonishing success, meets a beautiful heiress of the North Side (only a Chicagoan can entirely appreciate this) and is married to her without abating one jot of his love for wife number one. The results of trying to love and cherish two wives at the same time are not wholly satisfactory, and the *dénouement* would be harrowing if one could believe in the reality of the actors. But Mr. McCutcheon has spared his readers' feelings by leaving the entire story unvitalized. Jud Sherrod and his two wives are too absurdly impossible to be tragical, and even the bucolic residents of Clay township, with all their colloquialism and abundant expectation, are no nearer to humanity. "The Sherrods" is ingenious and the conception is striking, but it is too far removed from anything like life to be better than a successful novel.

E. C. M.

LETTERS HOME. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

THE two main characteristics of "Letters Home" are its complete New Yorkness and its constant play of wholesome, delicious humor. The writer has seized the very spirit of our surging metropolis, and with a dexterous turn of art transformed it into literature in the form of a genial, convincing story which a host of readers ought to find interesting; and this he has done with such evident sincerity and art, with such kindness toward humanity in general and kindly observation of his country and its greatest city in particular, as to confirm us in the sense of how surely this novelist's powers have not in the least waned. He has as much grasp as ever, as much keenness of expression following keen observation, as much talent in awakening and holding our attention as he had in

the days of "Their Wedding Journey" and "Silas Lapham." And he has gained in a certain fine maturity—which is merely to say that the present work is sterling—yes, through and through. It matters not whether people read for the "story" or for character or for the New York setting or anything else they may hope to encounter in a novel, in "Letters Home" they will be satisfied.

It is high praise of "Letters Home" to declare that by reason of its humor and interesting story—above all by its matchless setting—forth of our great city of New York—it is an exceptional book and worth reading by all.

J. S. D.

THE COMPROMISES OF LIFE. By Henry Watterson. For, Duffield & Company, New York. \$1.50.

MR. Watterson is a politician, a newspaper man, a man of the world and a human being who dares to say God reverently. Also, he is a rhetorician, and accomplishment in this skittish art calls for a good grip on the rein. To look at the character-breathing picture of the Colonel which adorns the book one should deem compromise the last thing that could appeal to him. Eye, mouth, chin, even the determined sweep of the hair about the compact brow, breathe dogged purpose. But there is no reason why energy and bull-dog grip should not find play in the field of worthy compromise.

If it were only for the address on Abraham Lincoln, delivered before the Lincoln Union, at the Auditorium, in Chicago, 1895, this book would have abundant warrant. The utterly human tribute he also pays to another great American, George Dennison Prentice, whose mantle has fallen upon himself, and the passionately glowing picture he draws of John Paul Jones, deserve more permanent embalming than the mere memory of their oral presentment.

Very little good is to be derived, however, from including, even so modestly as in an "Appendix," the shafts which the good Colonel hurled against that shining mark for archer-errant, the "Four Hun-

dred": that chimera born of newspaper fancy and such fact as the least worthy and genuine portion of New York Society supplies. Froth always comes to the top, and the exaggerated scrutiny and proclamation of the smallest doings of a few—though richest and the silliest, not the best or most representative—by the Press, as if it were the leaven of the whole mass, is something more pitiful in the purveyors than in those who hunger and thirst for the grist. The only thing worth while in this *réchauffé* of the Colonel's diatribe is that the gad-fly that stung him was that tragedy which threw a sombre light on Newport Society, and in which the son of an old friend and schoolmate of the Colonel was the victim.

The Colonel may well echo Terence's axiomatic words: "*Homo sum, et nil humanum a me alienum esse puto.*" Then there's Bobby Burns's: "A man's a man for a' that." In estimating a great American, in commenting on some national issue or political theme which touches the man as much as it does the citizen, Colonel Watterson is at his excellent best. In his response to the toast: "The Ideal in Public Life," at the Emerson Centenary, there were probably friendly auditors who saw the speaker sit down with relief. He palpably mistakes there the Ideal Statesman for the Statesman who realizes his Ideal, whereas to conceive and cleave to the Ideal, whatever the result, should be enough to constitute the Ideal Statesman.

B. J. B.

THE HEART OF ROME. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

"THE Heart of Rome" is so suggestive of Mr. Crawford's best that one is disappointed in discovering only a good Crawford. The *Neri* and *Bianchi* are not in it at all; there is hardly a whiff of the Vatican and its potency, and that old aristocracy of the Eternal City whose roots spring from Latin magnates has no place. One old family, the *Ecclentissima Casa Conti* figures, but with a phosphorescent glow of decadence. This tale of the "lost

water," therefore, is not the Heart of Rome to the degree of many another of Mr. Crawford's scores of novels.

The situation of the book is where, through the deviltry of a mason, the hero and heroine are imprisoned in the dark, subterranean vaults of the Palazzo Conti by the rising of the "lost water" which bars all egress. The lover hews his way through a massive wall of masonry. The novelty and gruesome horror of their interment alive is Poe-like, and will have a nerve-disturbing terror for those who specially shrink from close dark confinement. They are there for more than ten hours. They are so exhausted when they escape that the young girl stays all night in her rescuer's apartment in the Palazzo—with the most exquisite propriety on the part of each, it should be added.

The interest of the story never flags and if the final adjustment is a little milk-and-watery after the preceding tension and high pressure, it all terminates in a most desirable marriage which had seemed impossible. It is written with Mr. Crawford's practised hand, and his mild, worldly cynicism crops out entertainingly, as well as a placid humor.

In view of the "increasing tendency of modern readers to bring accusations of plagiarism against novels that deal partly with facts," Mr. Crawford, at the close of his tale, among many even more unnecessary statements, explicitly avows that "there are no so-called 'portraits' in this story." He even says that he would not have a young architect of his acquaintance, whom he highly esteems, fancy that Marino Malinieri is a portrait of himself. As any man might be proud to be even slightly like Malinieri, this deprecation of Mr. Crawford's is subtly uncomplimentary!

A point that would deservedly admit of a foot-note, at least, from a Catholic author is the "divorce" of a couple, with a view to one of them marrying again. The wife in the case says she "asked a good priest about that" and "he told me that the Church could make no objection at all since there has really been no marriage at all." There is a pretty *casus conscientiae* here—whose solution turns on such things as the *matrimonium ratum*

sed non consummatum, the consent necessary for the contract of marriage, and its conditions. As the thing stands, there seems to rest some imputation on the Church, which never permits a divorce in the sense of a solution of a genuine marriage.

J. J. A'B.

MY MAMIE ROSE. By Owen Kildare.
The Baker and Taylor Co., New York.
\$1.50.

THE writer has here set down his autobiography, hoping that it would be of interest because of its startlingly unusual character, few denizens of the good old Bowery having either the wish or the literary ability to "give away the whole show" and tell of their sinking and regeneration as Mr. Kildare has. He feels that the story of a man who "at thirty cannot read or write the simplest sentence, and then eight years later is able to earn his living by his pen, may be worth the telling." And he is probably right. People look with interest nowadays on "confessions" of any kind, especially if the confessions be a little sordid or sensational. It is wonderful, the amount of literary, as well as actual, slumwork the great, overfed public is willing, even eager, to do! The life-story of an organ-grinder, the love letters of a crossing-sweeper, make a popular appeal (that is the current word) which little else in the realm of letters can hope to equal. Thus when we really get an "inside" to the Bowery, when, as in the present instance, we are admitted behind the scenes by one of the genuine erstwhile "bouncers" and "beer-slingers," our dull, conventional hearts give a delighted jump and we crowd each other pell mell in expectation of novelties and shocks.

Rather dismal, therefore, become our countenances when we discover that instead of the stimulating and suggestive treat we had somewhat hastily flaired is the dry ground of morality and fact. The writer is sincere enough in purpose, but he catalogues his experiences and preaches upon them with a commonplace readiness that wearies us and sickens; he

has evidently not the smallest idea that we are interested in the veracity of his feelings rather than the elevation of his views, and that the record of his social regeneration is unengrossing compared to the sensuous delineation of those conditions of life from which he was regenerated. He seemingly gives us "straight talk"; it is his intention to tell the entire story without fear or prejudice, but at the end of the book we have the sense of knowing little more of the Bowery than we knew before we began this work, which was heralded to be so intimate and warmly colored a revelation. Mr. Owen Kildare, former newsboy, prizefighter, and all else plausibly satisfying to the curious in realism, has with all his advantages of nurture and native speech, failed utterly to thrill us. Like many a more glib writer he sells his birthright of nature for the paltry benefit of conventionality. Of course there is a "wonderful" side to Mr. Kildare's advancement; but the wonder is humanitarian—not literary.

J. S. D.

MEMOIRS OF M. DE BLOWITZ. *Double-day, Page & Co., New York.* \$3.00, net.

THIS volume gives the salient and important facts and circumstances in the life of the greatest correspondent of the age. The "big scoops," dear to every journalist's heart, were in the case of De Blowitz big indeed. The feat of securing the Berlin Treaty for publication in the London "Times" before it had been signed was perhaps the largest achievement known to newspaper men. His accounts of his interviews with the Sultan and of his dinner with Bismarck are both really important and intimate. So is his story of the retirement of Bismarck which involved Count Munster at once in diplomatic denials and, finally, in downright lying. Most of these articles have already been published, about one-third of the book being new.

De Blowitz succeeded in France and on the continent of Europe; whether he would have succeeded in England is open to serious doubt and still more so is the question of his place in American jour-

nalism. But he was in many ways a wonderful man. He possessed marvelous fertility of resources and wisdom which at time seemed to be intuition. He easily adapted himself to all surroundings and he took advantage of all the good luck (an important element in newspaper "scoops") which came to him. He has written these sketches in a fascinating manner and the book is a revelation in his insight into European courts and in the ways and weaknesses of diplomacy and of diplomats.

F. B. T.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. MIDDLETON. *By Wardon Allan Curtis. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.* \$1.50.

THIS book is a triumph of the bizarre and incongruous. Since this was the author's aim, the book is distinctly an achievement. Not inappropriately it might have been christened "New American Arabian Nights," as it is a deliberate imitation, or travesty, of the famous Eastern classic, whose scene is the bustling, unromantic city of Chicago. Deliciously incongruous is the mixture of flowery oriental rhetoric and prosaic western surroundings, which Mr. Curtis has consistently preserved. As in the case of the Princess Scheherezade, the stories in the modern collection are the outcome of an ulterior motive on the part of the narrator, whose brother, it seems, has been incarcerated by an Eastern prince until such time as he shall have invented a fresh stock of stories wherewith to beguile the potentate's leisure. There are in all seven stories, such as not inconsistently might have found their way into the real "Arabian Nights."

Mr. Curtis has shown himself in this initial book, remarkably fertile of imagination, at the same time that he has given proof of keen humorous perception. In a writer of greater experience, we should be inclined to protest against a carelessness which produces at times almost the effect of a foreigner's English, but in view of the author's youth, we may expect spontaneous correction of this fault.

W. W. W.

Bert Leston Taylor's

"Ooof": The Story of a Lazy Bear

CONCERNING "Ooof," and the other stories in his latest book of nature studies, the Rev. Mr. Dubbe writes in his preface: "I wish to say that they are all true, the gleanings of personal observation. If on first acquaintance they strike the reader as a bit stiff, I should advise a gradual approach through the works of other writers in the same field. Besides truth, these sketches have the merit of brevity; in each I give only a single episode. I hold that more light is shed upon the psychology of an animal by selecting one striking incident of its life, than by ten pages of vague general treatment, which robs natural history of so much of its native charm."

"Ooof" was a black bear who lived in a cedar swamp bordering a tract of higher land covered with blueberry bushes and second-growth poplar. The juxtaposition of swamp and higher land is not uncommon, and is due mainly, I think, to the inequalities of the earth's surface. The combination of poplar and blueberry bushes is less common.

My acquaintance with Ooof was made in August of this year, at which time I was conducting an animal study class in the woods of northeastern Minnesota. Ooof was some thirty feet distant when first I set eyes on him, but by turning my powerful field-glasses that way I was able to make him out quite plainly. He was scratching his head with his right paw, and regarding the largest blueberry bush with a gaze that was half doubt, half conviction.

In his remarkable book, "Bears That Have Helped Me," Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton says:

When in doubt, a bear always scratches his head, invariably using his left paw. The reason is not far to seek. The arterial arrangement in a bear's head is simpler on the left side; hence the left half of the brain becomes the dominating half.

* From "Queer Animals I Have Known," by the Rev. Ananias F. Dubbe; Josh, Gosh & Co., publishers; \$2.50, net.

When in doubt I always write to John Burroughs. I referred this matter to him, and received the following reply:

MY DEAR DUBBE: Seton is wrong, as usual. What he says about the arterial arrangement is true enough, but he seems ignorant of the fact that the left half of the brain, being the dominating half, dominates the right paw. A bear always scratches his head with his right paw.

Yours for real natural history,
JOHN BURROUGHS.
CELERY-ON-THE-HUDSON.

Pardon the digression.

A casual observer, unassisted by a glass, would have said that Ooof contemplated lunching on the blueberries which loaded down the largest and highest bush; but to my experienced eye it was plain he had other and less immediate ends to compass. The bear student should not be hasty, unless the bear is in an ugly mood, in which event hasty generalizations make for safety; otherwise deliberation, which makes for a freer play of the imagination, is of first importance.

After studying the bush from all sides, Ooof began carefully to dig around the roots, and presently, plucking up the whole plant, he tucked it under his right arm and strode down the hill toward the swamp.

I followed, being careful to keep down wind and up sun, and writing rapidly in my note-book as I went.

A casual observer, again, would have said that Ooof was taking a bush of berries to the loved ones at home; but my keen eye had remarked the care with which the bush had been removed. Something deeper was afoot.

Ooof led me to the mouth of his den, in the heart of the ancient swamp. Here he paused, and I climbed a neighboring cedar to watch his further operations.

First Ooof scratched his head; then

Reading Sauce

he cast a critical eye about him, and presently selected a spot a little more open to the sunlight than any other. Here he began digging, and, when the excavation was to his liking *he planted the blueberry bush*, packing down the earth and moss with the back of his right paw. This done, he sat off at a little distance, and regarded the job with a broad grin of satisfaction.

Would you believe it [Mr. Dubbe's text is illumined by a convincing photograph of a large blueberry pie], that remarkable bear had transplanted the bush because he was too indolent to walk the short half-mile between his den and the blueberry patch!

Lazy Ooof!

"Real Conversations"

On the veranda of the Carlyle cottage at Styxville-on-the-Styx:—

Froude—"I hear Crichton-Browne is after me with another book, 'The Nemesis of Froude.' Felicitous title, eh, Thomas?"

Carlyle (wearily)—"Yes; they are still at it; and who can say the end is in sight? Fortunately only the dimmest echoes of the controversy reach us here."

Froude—"I dare say they would be vastly interested and edified to know that we patched up that absurd quarrel long ago."

Carlyle—"I doubt whether that would make any difference."

Froude—"Well, I don't know as it would. How are Stevenson and Henley coming on?"

Carlyle—"It looks like a complete reconciliation. Jane invited both of them to come over to-morrow night and play 'Authors,' and they have agreed to come."

Froude—"Good! I thought they would make up. Louis was ready from

the beginning. Life is too long down here to perpetuate such childish spats. Suppose we rejoin the ladies."

Cordwood Fiction

"Mummer, who is that man with a stick?"

"He is the book scaler, my child. Harold! come away from that cord of books! It may fall on you."

"What is a scaler, mummer?"

"In a bookstore, Harold, the scaler is the man who scales books. Up in the big spruce forests, the scaler is the man who measures logs. The logs, you know, are sent to the pulp mill and made into paper, and the paper is made into books and piled up in cords in the bookstores, the same way the logs are piled in the forest. And every day the book scaler goes around and figures out how many cords have been sold. See! he is measuring the piles with his rod."

"What a lot of books they must sell, mummer!"

"Oh, dear, yes. Formerly, Harold, books were made by the thousand and sold from shelves; but nowadays they are turned out by the cord and sold from the floor. That is, the real popular ones. Thus you will see, in the book advertisements, the words 'Seventy-fifth Cord.' That means seventy-five cords of them have been sold, or will be right away. Over there, by that crowd of women, is a cord of Thomas Dixon, Jr.; there's a cord of Thomas Nelson Page; and there are two cords of Mildred Champagne."

"Who are they, mummer—the men who made the logs?"

"Oh, no; they are the men who collected the words that are printed inside the books. Nobody ever hears about the men who made the logs. This is a queer world, Harold. You will understand it better when you grow up."

Cartoon by McCutcheon

THE BOOKS GOT SWITCHED AND MADE A GREAT HIT



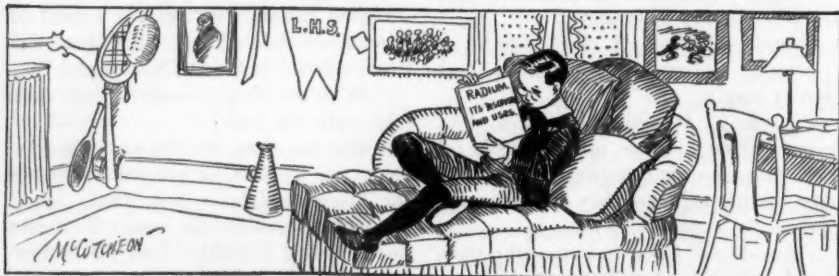
MR. ROUNDVILLE BLOODGOOD—"I WANT YOU TO SEND, BY EXPRESS, THREE APPROPRIATE BOOKS. ONE IS FOR AN OLD MAID AUNT, AND OUGHT TO BE A LOVE STORY; ANOTHER IS FOR MY OLD LATIN PROFESSOR. SEND HIM SOMETHING SCIENTIFIC AND HEAVY. THE OTHER IS TO A KID NEPHEW—GIVE HIM A THRILLER, AND SEND ME THE BILL."



THE MAIDEN AUNT—"HOW REFRESHING THIS BOOK IS AFTER ALL THOSE SICKENING LOVE STORIES, AND HOW VERY THOUGHTFUL OF DEAR ROUNDVILLE."



THE PROFESSOR—"ROUNDVILLE KNOWS THAT I AM STILL YOUTHFUL AT HEART. HE COULDN'T HAVE SENT A MORE ENJOYABLE BOOK. IT'S SUCH A RELIEF FROM HEAVY SCIENTIFIC STUFF."



THE KID NEPHEW—"I WONDER HOW UNCLE ROUNDVILLE KNEW THAT I WAS INTERESTED IN RADIUM. IT'S A GREAT COMPLIMENT TO MY INTELLIGENCE."

Specially drawn for THE READER by John T. McCutcheon.

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